APR-7 1930

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AUG-7 1930

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME VI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1930 — NUMBER 34

D. H. Lawrence

JOHN BUNYAN and D. H. Lawrence (to choose apparent opposites) would have respected each other and argued magnificently, neither listening to a word. Both, in a restricted sense, were Puritans. For Bunyan this needs no explaining, and scarcely more for Lawrence, if "Puritan" be taken to mean a state of mind rather than a scheme of morals. Lawrence came from those English industrial classes which in England have always given the bite to Puritanism. He came up from that lower English world where the good form and restraint of the public school tradition was a gag to be spat out of the mouth once the speaker gained the strength of self-confidence. He rose by his own self-improvement, and as a result could never rest from improving others. He came up when the bourgeois Victorian morality was losing its vigor, and he preached his new gospel of virility just as the Methodists preached revivalism to the Anglicans. "Kangaroo" is a book on how to improve Australia. "The Plumed Serpent" is a book on how to improve Mexico. "Studies in Classic American Literature" is a book on how to improve the United States. All his books were written to improve civilized man who was visibly losing those powers which come from the depths of emotional virility. Lawrence himself was febrile and neurotic, and for that very reason his genius—for he had genius—felt with such passion the decline of his race.

He knew just what was wrong, and in this again he resembled all the great Puritans. It was our sex that was decaying, infected by the ethics of Victorianism, smothered by hypocrisy, made dull and apathetic by mechanical living. The sexual emotions, as psychologists had recently discovered, and artists always known, were inseparably related to creative activity. Dull them and you dull the man or woman. Warp them into mechanical responses and you turn civilization mechanical and prepare for its death. Our physical and intellectual welfare is, in this respect particularly, tightly linked to the functions of the body.

* * *

All his books tell the same story, although one might select "Sons and Lovers," "The Plumed Serpent," and the privately printed "Lady Chatterley's Lover" as especially indicative of what was always his theme. It was a theme of power. His seeming obsession with sex was much better described as a puritanic determination to get over at all costs this idea which seemed to him so vital. He felt that sex at this moment of time could not be overemphasized. Thus his books became as much propaganda as "Pilgrim's Progress." The somewhat embarrassed reader who had been fascinated by Lawrence's angelic style, yet did not want to be told in detail how to conduct a stud farm for human society, sometimes found these books indecent. But when it was understood that this man was far more of a zealot than the censors who pursued him, the sympathetic could praise his marvelous insight and respond to his passion for making man and woman sound and whole again in their emotional life. Without his gift of style much that he wrote would have seemed rather tiresome, and sometimes scurrilous, preaching. But without Lawrence's intense devotion to an idea and a faith there would have been no gift of style. Whatever one thinks of him, he was never a small man, never a time-server, never merely a skilful journalist, like so many of his contemporaries. He was always big in his projects and conceptions, though in detail he could be cheap and dirty; in those early passages of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" which would presumably give a censor apoplexy, he reaches a height of imagination, but in the last chapter he is as vulgar as a sparrow on a dung heap.

In literary history, D. H. Lawrence will have a double place, once for his undoubted gifts as a stylist and narrator, once as the fanatic who burst through the gate of Victorian reserve. Like all fanatics, his art suffers from its consecration to a cause other than art. But Puritans, whether direct or inverted, are made like that, and it is probably their passion to make the world think as they do that gives them beauty and strength.

I Remember Distinctly

By MELVILLE CANE

I REMEMBER distinctly the time, when I said
To myself, as the thought,
Unsought,
Flashed through my head:
"Some day I shall see you no more—
You will be dead."

I remember distinctly the place,
Where I said, face to face
With myself: "Some
Day it will come, it will come;
The dread summons will come."

And I said I must waste
No time—there is not a moment to waste,
To school the heart for its burden,
To harden
The frail, irresolute will.

And I worked, so I thought, with skill,
And I fancied the imminent blow
As a scattering, impotent blow
Against a structure, toughened and tuned
To any threatened wound.

But out of the black
A thunder crack!
The will is riven,
The heart cloven.

This Week

"Censored: The Private Life of the Movies."
Reviewed by RANDOLPH BARTLETT.

"Wolsey."
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN.

"Pansies."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

"The Saints, the Devil, and the King."
Reviewed by THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB.

"Stephen Escott."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"The Great Meadow."
Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

Cape Hatteras.
By HART CRANE.

The Bowling Green.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Major.
By LOUIS BROMFIELD.

Next Week, or Later

Toward Civilization.
By CHARLES A. BEARD.

Humanism as Dogma

By WALTER LIPPMANN

WHEN I first encountered the principal ideas recently put forward by Professor Norman Foerster and others, humanism was not a movement. That was more than twenty years ago. Professor Babbitt's course at Harvard included all the ideas which now inspire this "challenge to the culture of our times." Mr. Paul Elmer More I did not come upon until later, but I then read him assiduously. I mention this by way of introduction to saying that it seems to me misleading to speak, as it is now the fashion, of "Babbitt and More" as the two leaders of one movement, and to look upon them as more or less interchangeable. Mr. Babbitt and Mr. More have much in common and in their criticism of "the tumult of the times disconsolate" they start from the same general premises and employ the same conceptual apparatus. But they are, I truly believe, going in different directions.

Mr. More, besides being a scholar of extraordinary attainments, is by way of being an adept in the mysteries of faith and in his own right something of a spiritual genius. The "Shelburne Essays" and the five volumes of "The Greek Tradition" are more than the monumental work of a literary critic. They are a record of continuous religious discovery within a nature that combines in exquisite proportions a delicate sensibility with a hard-headed instinct for reality. It makes no particular difference whether one agrees with all his particular judgments; to read him is to enter an austere and elevated realm of ideas and to know a man who, in the guise of a critic, is authentically concerned with the first and last things of human experience. Mr. Babbitt's equipment and his intellectual career are on a wholly different level. He has more will than imagination, more perseverance than sensibility, and, in the guise of a professor, he has been essentially a propagandist. He is saying today what he was saying twenty years ago; he has multiplied his citations but he has not, so far as I can see, enlarged or deepened his insight. By dint of repeating his formulas he has made an impression. He has made himself a leader by hardening his teaching to a doctrine and by narrowing his sympathy to a sect.

Mr. Foerster has recently published a collection of humanist essays which has many things in it, including the reprint of a rather poor sample of Mr. More's writing. But the animus of his book,* as the editor has assembled it, is that of a disciple organizing a sect to promote and preserve the master's ideas. I know that Mr. Foerster disclaims such a purpose, but that none the less is the result. He proclaims that "Professor Babbitt has done more than anyone else to formulate the concept of humanism"; he declares that for him "Irving Babbitt is at the center of the humanist movement"; he has chosen Mr. Babbitt to write the central chapter defining humanism. That chapter is the perfect example of the doctrinaire and sectarian at work. For it is written upon the assumption that the term humanism, which has been current for at least five hundred years, and that the humanistic view of life, which has appeared in many cultures, can and ought to be reduced to an exact formula, and employed as a yardstick to civilization.

Mr. Foerster says in his preface, for example, speaking of the late W. C. Brownell that "he was never a humanist in the strict doctrinal sense." Now where, I rise to inquire, is the strict doctrine of humanism stated? By whom was it formulated? When and where was it announced, revealed, voted,

* HUMANISM AND AMERICA. Edited by NORMAN FOERSTER. New York: Farrar & Rhinehart. $4.00.

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subscribed to? The fact is that when Mr. Foerster speaks of the strict doctrine of humanism, he is voicing Mr. Babbitt's ambition and his own. There is no strict doctrine of humanism. There never has been a strict doctrine of humanism. But Mr. Babbitt would like to appropriate the name of humanism for his own strict doctrine.

To that ambition I cannot resist the temptation to reply in the words of John Colet, the friend of Erasmus, a great humanist who lived four centuries ago: "If he had not been exceedingly arrogant, he would not with such rashness and such pride have defined everything." The meaning of humanism has been determined by the usage of six centuries. It is not the name of a doctrine. It is not the name of a school or of a sect. It is not the name of a philosophy or of a religion. It is the name of a human attitude which revived in Europe about 1300 and it signifies the intention of men to concern themselves with the discovery of a good life on this planet by the use of human faculties. That is a broad definition. But the definition has to be broad if we are to avoid taking the absurd position that men who have been recognized for ages as humanists were not really humanists at all. Unless the definition is broad enough to find the common characteristic of men as diverse as Erasmus and Boccaccio, of Pico della Mirandola and Rabelais, what good is it? The meaning of humanism was worked out in the lives of men like these, and it cannot now be narrowed down to a strict doctrine exclusively enunciated by Professor Irving Babbitt.

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It is curiously ironical and, I think, extremely pertinent that the original humanists of the Renaissance should have been men of insatiable curiosity whereas this sect of latter-day humanists seem to be chiefly concerned with deciding what they are going to reject. They both turn back to the Græco-Roman culture, but how different in their spirit. The humanists of the Renaissance went back in the manner of men who had escaped from bondage and were discovering a world. In searching for old manuscripts, in studying old texts, they felt they were enlarging the domain of the human spirit. They

[illegible] from the habit of squint-minded fellows, dissembling and counterfeit saints, demure lookers, hypocrites, pretended zealots, tough friars, buskin monks, and other such sect of men." The idealism of the original humanists is in Pico della Mirandola's "Oration on the Dignity of Man," when God says to Man:

> "I have set thee midmost the world that hence thou mightest the more conveniently survey whatsoever is in the world. . . . Thou shalt have power to decline unto the lower or brute creatures. Thou shalt have power to be reborn, unto the higher or divine, according to the sentence of thy intellect." Thus to Man at his birth, the Father gave seeds of all variety and germs of every form of life.

It is characteristic of this difference in spirit that whereas the men of the Renaissance welcomed eagerly the new learning of their age Mr. Babbitt's humanists are unhappy over the new learning of theirs. They are not only incurious about modern science. They are obscurantists when they talk about it. For it is no accident that the first chapter of this volume should be an essay on "The Pretensions of Science," by Dean L. T. More, a professor of physics at the University of Cincinnati. Mr. More's purpose is to dispose of science absolutely as a clue to "the problems of our destiny." I call attention to the fact that this disposal of science *precedes* Professor Babbitt's own essay at defining humanism. I may be suspicious, but it does seem to me as unseemly as it is illogical to get rid of science in the name of humanism before the breathless reader is told what the strict doctrine of humanism is.

It is not difficult, however, to see why Dean More was sent ahead to lead the charge. The crime of modern science in the eyes of these humanists is that instead of confining itself to the study of "the physical world of mechanical matter and motion" it is also studying human character and emotion. Mr. Babbitt's humanists believed that this is a trespass upon their property. They demanded at the outset, therefore, and in no uncertain terms that scientists cease and desist from investigating the human psyche, "in order that humanism may come again into its own as the arbiter of character." I have read this essay several times to be sure that I was not seeing things. But there is no escape from it. Dean More, as the official scientist of the Babbitt humanists, shuts the door tight. Scientists must not deal with the phenomena of emotion and thought. These are "in the province of the humanist."

If Dean More is to be taken seriously, he is saying that "science" is concerned only with those phenomena which obey the Newtonian hypothesis. Has it occurred to him that his definition not only excludes from "science" all biological study in which organism is not reduced to "mechanical matter and motion" but that it may actually exclude from science the study of physics itself? For what if, as now seems possible, the Newtonian hypothesis proves to be inadequate, and it transpires that Heisenberg's principle has to be invoked? What would Dean More do then? I assume that he would expostulate, for though he is a physicist he speaks with fretful discourtesy of the speculative minds in modern physics, and says that "the most recent of these dreamers, Whitehead, Eddington, Einstein, have pictured a phantasmagoria, instead of a world, as non-sensical as the hallucination of a medieval monk driven mad by the fevers of asceticism."

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What is it that makes Messrs. Babbitt and Foerster so eager to discredit science that they are willing to sponsor even this self-exposure by Dean More? The answer is that they have adopted a crude metaphysical dogma and are trying to hold on to it in a "strict doctrinal sense." This metaphysical dogma is the *heart of what they call humanism. They find it ex*pressed in Emerson's

> There are two laws discrete
> Not reconciled,—
> Law for man, and law for thing.

These verses are to the humanism of Irving Babbitt what the *Tu es Petrus* is to the sovereignty of the Pope. No man is a humanist in Mr. Babbitt's opinion who does not keep these "two laws discrete?" How does Mr. Babbitt keep them discrete?

By the very simple, but wholly fallacious, assumption that the law for thing is necessarily mechanical, quantitative, and deterministic. Since the law for man is qualitative [illegible] with the "subjective"; and ends by assuming that the "objective," as he defines it, is the province of science, and the "subjective," as he defines it, is the province of humanism. Out of this logical legerdemain issues the strict doctrine of humanism. It may be stated as follows: the province of science is the objective which is the mechanical which is "the thing"; the province of humanism is the subjective which is behavior and consciousness and values which are "the human." The practical upshot of this strict doctrine is that psychologists are to go out of business.

This verbal confusion at the heart of the strict doctrine could have been avoided if only Mr. Babbitt and his disciples had learned to distinguish between the current generalizations of science and science as an instrument of knowledge. If they had learned that distinction they would not have allowed Dean More to make the blunder of identifying science with the Newtonian hypothesis; they would not talk with such uncritical cocksureness about the subjective and the objective, the mechanical and the human. For these terms, when they are in the vocabulary of critically-minded men, are not final classifications of phenomena, but occasional instruments for comprehending phenomena. To suppose that words like these can be used to mark out the boundaries of science is to misunderstand the essence of the matter. Whenever phenomena, be they "subjective" or "objective," mechanical, determinate, indeterminate, organic, or human, are investigated with the purpose of verifying hypotheses, there science is at work.

The real distinction is not between the law for man and the law for thing, but between the whole range of phenomena viewed from the point of view of coherent explanation and the same phenomena judged from the point of view of human preferences. These new humanists are quite right in protesting against the naturalists who confuse explanation with valuation. The point is so obvious that it is a truism. It was made by Huxley whom these humanists so heartily dislike. It was made by William James whom Mr. Babbitt treats so scornfully. It has been made by John Dewey whom Mr. Babbitt dismisses with a sneer. The point cannot be made too often. But the point can be made with enlightenment or with obscurantism, and Mr. Babbitt's humanists are making it with obscurantism. They think that since among human values science serves only truth, the only way to preserve values like goodness is to refuse to study mankind scientifically. This is an old fear among men. It was prevalent some years ago in Tennessee. It is disturbing to find it at Harvard.

There is no reason why enlightened men calling themselves humanists should engage in the discreditable business of trying to limit the field of scientific inquiry. For if and when scientists have reduced all phenomena to verified theory, including the phenomena of man's desire for goodness, truth, and beauty, the desire for goodness, truth, and beauty will still be there, altered perhaps by a wider knowledge, purified, we may hope, by a deeper insight, and made effective, we dare to think, by greater resources. These new humanists inform us that they thirst for righteousness, order, and decorum. I should suppose, considering the history of man's faltering search for the good life, that they would be grateful to every sincere inquirer who might throw a little light on the path man must take.

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Unhappily for them, for it will surely destroy their pretensions to the leadership of modern thought, Mr. Babbitt and his immediate disciples know not humility or hospitality of mind. The effects are demonstrated by their attitude toward the study of modern psychology in general and of psychoanalysis in particular. They have only contempt mixed with aversion. Why? If they had paused long enough to understand the central themes of psychoanalytic investigation they would have seen that it is primarily concerned with what Mr. Paul Elmer More calls "dualism," with the interaction of instinctive desire and what Mr. Babbitt calls the power of vital control. I should be the last to claim that Freud or any of his collaborators have arrived at anything like definitive results, or even that they will arrive, but that they are engaged in profound and painstaking research into the problem at the very heart of humanism is evident. The phenomenon which Freud calls "the censor," is obviously the same psychologi[illegible]al fact which Mr. Babbitt affirms as the basis of [illegible]is philosophy. It seems to me, therefore, nothing [illegible]it sheer obscurantism to dismiss psychoanalysis be[illegible]use it approaches the problem from a therapeutic [illegible]ather than from an ethical point of view, or because the authentic observations of Freud and his hypotheses are mixed up with much dubious speculation, some post-war Viennese pessimism, some eccentricity, and an horrendous jargon. For humanism, as I conceive it, is the effort to derive a whole philosophy of life from human experience, and this effort is so much beyond our present powers, that we cannot afford to reject unexamined any offering of truth.

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If these new humanists do not abandon the attempt to make a strict doctrine, if they do not give up their scientific obscurantism, their dogmatic, uncritical, and insufferably superior temper of mind, they will squander in sectarianism the opportunity which for the moment is theirs. The educated American public is aware that its standards are dissolving, and it is in the mood to listen attentively to those who might reconstruct an ordered view of life. It is the ambition of these new humanists to do just that, and they will be heard. I warn them that they will not be heard long if this volume of essays is a sample of their genius and their quality. For while these essays are full of insistence that man shall exercise self-control in accordance with civilized standards, Mr. Babbitt is so much concerned with the metaphysics of his strict doctrine and with excommunicating heretics that neither he nor anyone else gets around to the crucial question of how standards are to be discovered.

Mr. Babbitt says simply that "the humanist of the best type is not content to acquiesce inertly in tradition. He is aware that there is always entering into life an element of vital novelty and that the wisdom of the past, invaluable though it is, cannot, therefore, he brought to bear too literally on the present." So far so good. It does not take one very far, however, for the real problem remains unanswered,—in fact it remains unstated: What shall be the standards by which one distinguishes the vital novelty from the false novelty of the present, and having distinguished it, by what process does one select from the wisdom of the past that particular wisdom which vital novelty compels us in some degree to amend?

The construction of humanist standards is far

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from being a simple thing, and there is precious little in Mr. Babbitt to indicate how men are to go about the task assigned to them. I do not quarrel with him for not revealing these standards he talks about or for failing even to indicate how men are to go about erecting them. The difficulties are enormous. I do quarrel with him for not recognizing that since the difficulties are enormous, this is no time to formulate strict doctrines and stand pat. It is proper for the Pope to speak with the voice of authority; he stands upon magnificent premises which have a divine sanction. But the humanist is a frail mortal dealing by inadequate faculties with complex and obscure matters. He might as well recognize at the outset that his ethical theories are exceedingly primitive, at best a mere dim anticipation of the philosophy men will need if they are to achieve what Mr. Foerster calls, "a new integration of values which may yet justify modernity."

For that will at least give the humanist humility instead of the pride which is perhaps the besetting sin of Mr. Babbitt's whole approach to life. It will give him open-mindedness, of which this book has amazingly little. It will teach him to withhold judgment, and not to indulge in the hollow pretension that he is standing securely on the Rock of Ages and can from there put everybody else in his place. For the truth is that a humanist morality which men could live by in the modern world exists only in the form of crude hypothesis and partial insight. The task of working out humanist standards in the affairs of men—in politics, in economics, in sexual relations—has not seriously been begun. The humanism of the past, the humanism of Aristotle, for example, was applied, in so far as it was applied at all, to a small number of men living in radically different circumstances from ours. Except as it indicates a general attitude toward life and the suggestion of a method, it is very remote from our own complexities. I do not wish to lay too much stress on the analogy, but it is perhaps not unfair to say that the humanism of Aristotle is to the humanism which modern men will need, if they are to live by it, about what the atomism of Democritus is to the atomism of the modern physicist.

The letter killeth. The reduction of humanism to a strict doctrine would simply sterilize it and invite new disorders. For however important it may be to restore order in the realm of the spirit there can be no restoration by men who will not recognize that mankind is on the march and that the will to explore the last crannies of experience is in the very marrow of modernity. And so I say to Mr. Babbitt and his disciples that they will get nowhere by answering nihilism with negation or by attempting to cure the vagaries of the modern spirit by confining it.

Attacking a Bogy

CENSORED: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE MOVIES. By Morris Ernst and Pare Lorentz. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by Randolph Bartlett

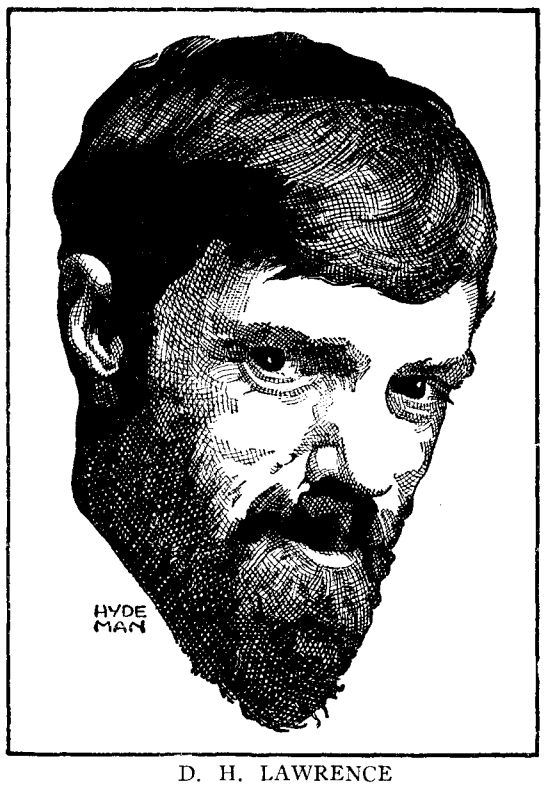
WHEN a valiant knight fares forth to rescue a damsel in distress, nothing is more embarrassing than to discover that the tyrannical jailer refuses either to release her or to fight, and that the lady declines to scream for help. This is very much the situation which confronts the critics of moving picture censorship. They paint a horrendous picture of art enchained by stupidity and bigotry, and exhibit the cruel scars of the shackles upon those fair limbs. Imagine their annoyance when the persecutor ignores the tirade, and the victim merely titters in mild embarrassment at the exposure.

Censorship of moving pictures persists in a few states because there is no strong conviction among producers that they have anything to say which cannot be said with fair effectiveness under present conditions. The fine fury of the latest crusaders, Morris Ernst and Pare Lorentz, is directed as much at this fact as at censorship itself. They belabor impartially both censors and producers, nor overlook the opportunity for a few resounding thwacks upon the slender form of Will Hays. It is no astounding revelation, however, that picture magnates are concerned more about dividends than about free speech. Let him who would put them in the pillory for this heresy, first invest a few million dollars in a business as fickle as theirs.

Nor is it news that salacities permitted upon the stage may not be reproduced upon the screen. It requires no weighty argument to prove that such discrimination is inconsistent and unjust. What is more to the point is that this censorship does not perform that function for which it was established, at least in theory. For a decade, the morals of New York have been thus safeguarded, and the advance toward angelic standards has been negligible. On the other hand, as Terry Ramsaye once pointed out, for years no revolver was permitted upon the screen in Chicago, with the result that this weapon is now unknown in that city—they use only bombs and machine guns.

One significant fact mentioned by the authors of "Censored" deserves greater stress than they give it. Censorship is not spreading. Since 1922, not one state censorship bill has become law, though forty-eight have been introduced. This has been due, in large measure, to the campaigns waged by the Hays organization. But, Messrs. Ernst and Lorentz complain, Mr. Hays is himself a censor. This is quite true. His organization polices the business from within, and bars from the screen such material as would invite restrictive legislation. This is no more pernicious than any other form of domestic sanitation.

In the final chapter of their book, the authors



D. H. LAWRENCE

depart from these familiar matters to view with alarm consequences they declare possible if America does not awake to the perils of the scissors and blue pencil. They argue that the same corporate greed which permits the movies to remain enchained, has infected the press and is throttling the radio. Now this, if true, is a matter of major importance, since the radio has become one of the most valuable channels for the dissemination of ideas. It is so important that it merits greater prominence than as a rider to the movie situation. As a corollary to this main proposition, it seems a *non sequitur*. Only by the exercise of great mental agility can one find anything in common between a refusal to permit Norman Thomas to broadcast a speech on "Freedom of the Air," and the elimination of twenty feet of celluloid exposing the lustful glances of Emil Jannings at a Salvation Army lassie.

That censorship in any form is a dangerous invasion of constitutional rights is axiomatic. The very word arouses indignation, and is not used by the censors themselves. They call themselves "reviewers." The rage at this restriction upon the movies is seldom founded upon any great love for the art itself, but rather upon a great hatred for any obstacle to freedom of expression. As for the movies, neither the producer, who sells, nor the public, which buys, have exhibited any deep concern, and the crusader is, in consequence, disarmed before he mounts. "Censored" is a sprightly and earnest attack upon a Great Bogy. When its authors next unsheath their swords, one hopes that they will select an enemy who will stand up and fight.

The five best-selling works of fiction in 1929 were "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Dodsworth," "Dark Hester," "The Bishop Murder Case," and "Roper's Row." The fiction most in demand at public libraries was, for the same period: "The Bishop Murder Case," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "Peder Victorious," "Dodsworth," and "Scarlet Sister Mary."

Wolsey and England

WOLSEY. By A. F. Pollard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by Wallace Notestein
Yale University

THIS is a book for the reader who knows enough history to enjoy the interpretation of it. Full of comment about men and institutions and especially their interrelation, it is packed with generalizations that set the mind jumping. There are only a few lines about Wolsey's amours, but pages about his manipulation of the government, pages that are never dull. The reign of Henry VIII is in this book not a remote island to be described by itself, but part of a mainland of history that has ranges and river valleys. Unlike the new biographers, Pollard knows his mainland. He is unlike them too in that he knows good sources from doubtful, he is unlike them in that he has long reflected upon historical processes and has gained a kind of wisdom out of experience with the past; he can deal with infinitely complex causes and effects without losing hold of reality. Historians are likely to say to themselves that historical method is just commonsense, and that is all it is, of course; but it seems to be a kind of commonsense that demands long effort to gain; and they are likely to realize that when they see literary men of gift and imagination turn light-heartedly and unafraid to the interpretation of the past. Hackett and Strachey both have a quality of historical imagination denied to some of those historians who would be most scornful of them; Hackett has a conscience and would fain even to the last phrase tell the truth; Strachey has a modicum of conscience, and a style. More than that, in his "Great Victorians" he proved himself a master in the close scrutiny of words and phrases to probe to thoughts and feelings.

Pollard can do that too, and keep a closer rein on his imagination. His is an imagination that throws off fewer metaphors and finely-spun characterizations but more ideas, an imagination that burns less brightly but on more fuel of old knowledge. No doubt the ultra-critical among historians, who easily acquire a kind of snobbery about "manuscript material," would say that Pollard's knowledge is not enough, that he knows printed materials better thar manuscripts. Knowledge is never enough. If Pollard has not been an Old Grammarian about scrolls, he can show their shaping and what is best in them. He has an engaging way of explaining to the reader the method by which he arrives at his conclusions or of packing into a long footnote a piece of historical detective work.

Pollard can never write without upsetting a tradition but when he has contented himself with destruction is likely to offer a new idea in the place of the one set aside. He shows little respect for the notion that Wolsey developed the principle of the "balance of power." Wolsey was less concerned with that than he was eager to "share the spoils with the probable victor." Usually he followed in the train of papal policy. He was not a great diplomat, nor was he an ecclesiastical reformer. His ideas did not go beyond the increase of learning, the reform of monastic morals, extending to the suppression of the lesser monasteries, and "an overture for taking away first-fruits," and it is more certain that he wanted power for itself than that he wanted power simply to effect reformation. Power he was able to pile up. As legate *a latere* from Rome, his prestige in chancery and star chamber was enhanced, and he was able to behead Buckingham, send a Speaker to the Tower, supersede a parliament, and summon before him an Archbishop of Canterbury. "He always drove furiously and as a legate *a latere* he drove papal jurisdiction in England to death." His reforms were never achieved, and the "practical effort of his energy was limited to creating the means of reform, providing the opportunity, and revealing to Henry VIII a vision of sovereign power." Here Pollard comes to the theme of his book, and it is a theme carried through with many variations.

It will be seen that the book is not a work of apology or defense. "Wolsey's audacity sometimes merged into an effrontery that has no parallel in English history," effrontery largely for his own pocket-book. He piled ecclestiastical income on income,

> disclaiming all desire for the "muck of this world" and pleading for more on the grounds that "in space groweth grace," and "the king cannot gain so much at any man's hands as at mine." . . . Getting and spending he made waste

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his powers, and laid bare the poverty of his soul. . . . His courage did not consist in the fortitude of his mind: no great man was ever more pitiably dependent upon externals. He could recognize in others, as in Sir Thomas More, the virtue of being slow to ask for favors, but he could never refrain from asking for himself. In this he was typical of a shamelessly acquisitive age.

He was typical too in that he belonged to the "new men" who were "barely emerging from centuries of servitude, and the freemen of history have ever been the aptest servants of a servile state." "Yet he had a vision of better things and a mind and intellect to achieve them." "Few men . . . have afforded so striking an illustration of the demoralizing effects of irresponsible power." Yet one feels that Pollard is not condemning, rather that he has a certain pity for Wolsey and no little admiration for his skill. There is not a trace of that mocking exposure of those who lived before us that is the smart manner of our day, and so easy. It would have been simple for Pollard by one insinuating phrase after another to have made of Wolsey another such devil as Bacon has been made. Pollard is too old an historical hand not to make allowance for the difficulties and temptations of men in great position, not to see them as creatures of their time.

Pollard shows that in his earlier administration Wolsey did much for the development of the chancery, the star chamber, and the court of requests. But his

rank among English statesmen is due less to what he chose to do than to what he did in his own despite. In fact though not in form he was the first who wielded sovereignty in England because he ruled both church and state, but the monoply he created could only accrue to the crown: and the greatest Roman of them all unwittingly conveyed the plenitude of papal power to an English king in an English parliament. Human design plays little part in human achievement: "he goes farthest," said Oliver Cromwell "who knows not whither he goes," and the fame as well as the infamy and perhaps the forgiveness of men depends not seldom on the fact that they know not what they do.

But while service to an England that was growing young as well as old redeemed both him and others from baser servitudes to meaner things, he never rose to service which is perfect freedom. . . . He craved not for a heart of grace but for the husks of glory. "Glorious," says Sir Thomas More, "was hee very farre above all measure, and that was great pitie: for it dyd harme and made him abuse many great gyftes which Godd had geven him."

". . . . For Thoughts"

PANSIES. By D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

FOR those who followed the tortuous—and tortured—progress of D. H. Lawrence, "Pansies" is one of his most significant books. Not poetically, for as poetry in any accepted sense, it is valueless. Not dramatically, for the struggle projected is the same as that which had preoccupied the sex-ridden genius since "Sons and Lovers." The novelty and the significance are in Lawrence's manner, in his abrupt change of style, and in the implied change of attitude toward his art.

The reader will have much to overcome before serious appraisal of this serious though casual catalogue of thoughts. He will have to swallow the title —the rendering of "Pensées" into "Pansies" — a word-play that made even this pun-addicted reviewer gag. He will have to live down his resentment of Lawrence's dubious mysticism and worse his downright didacticism. Most difficult of all, he will have to overcome his dislike of the graceless speech and bald idiom which Lawrence, fashioner of some of the loveliest passages of poetry-prose, uses throughout. For here, if ever, the style is the man. Here, in his first book of new poems in six years, Lawrence turned not merely away from grace but, snarlingly, upon it. Deliberately, with a disturbing persistence, he brought to a head—or a *reductio ad absurdum*—the argument begun in "Women in Love" and carried on more desperately but no more satisfactorily in "Aaron's Rod"—and in every novel since. Readers of these works will be familiar with the homiletic: The world has gone stale, feebly promiscuous, prettily fetid. Small spurts of lust instead of a long passion; talk instead of acts. The world has ceased to be masculine. Its discontent, like its nervous art, its soft-rotten culture, its middle-class malease, is all the outcome of womanishness. Women, pretending to need us, have used us up; women have destroyed us with merciless softness. All we cherish has become effeminized, vitiated with the white poison of their approval and the black venom of their jealousy:

FEMALE COERCION

If men only fought outwards into the world
women might be devoted and gentle.
The fight's got to go in some direction,
But when men turn Willy wet-legs,
women start in to make changes;
only instead of changing things that might be changed
they want to change the man himself
and turn the poor silk glove into a lusty sow's ear.
And the poor Willy wet-legs, the soft silk gloves,
how they hate the women's efforts to turn them into sow's ears!
The modern Circe-dam!

Elsewhere the note of revulsion is still more roughly communicated. These "palms" (Lawrence called them that) are not so much thought out as spat out. It is as if he were saying that, before we can be fully realized, free and masculine again we must get rid of the exquisite, the esthetically derived, speciously charming. Rhyme (so he seems to imply) is one of the effeminizing decorations; choice language is another; so is any intricacy of measure, delicacy of metre. Thus we find Lawrence writing as inelegantly as possible; running from metaphor except in a way that would delight Chic Sales; using rhyme only in rowdy music-hall stanzas. For example:

I read a novel by a friend of mine
in which one of the characters was me,
The novel it sure was mighty fine
but the funniest thing that could be

was me, or what was supposed for me,
for I had to recognize
a few of the touches, like a low-born jake,
but the rest was a real surprise. . . .

Or this, the conclusion of "Fight! O My Young Men—"

Think of the world that you're stifling in,
think what a world it might be!
Think of the rubbish you're trifling in
with enfeebled vitality.

And then, if you amount to a hill o' beans
start in and bust it all:
money, hypocrisy, greed, machines
that have ground you so small.

The defects here are obvious. But the chief trouble is neither the trumpery tune nor the crude syllables, but the attitude which prompted them. It is his conscious maleness which disturbs and threatens to pervert the artist. It is not, I add hastily, Lawrence's maleness which is harmful so much as his consciousness of it. In "A Room of One's Own," Virginia Woolf considering the matter of writing from a totally different angle comes to much the same conclusion. "It is fatal," she says,

for any one who writes to think of their sex. It is fatal to be a man or woman pure and simple. . . . The whole of the mind must lie wide open if we are to get the sense that the writer is communicating his experience with perfect fullness. There must be freedom and there must be peace.

It is the lack of peace which Lawrence instinctively resented and which kept him enslaved to his narrow freedom.

What, then, is significant about "Pansies?" Not the predetermined, bull-in-the-cultural-china-shop manner. Not the factitious "lighter" tone as the publisher calls it, for Lawrence was never more earnest. The significant thing was the new spirit that, wedged between the author's assertive vagaries, pointed to a new Lawrence. "A man should never earn his living; if he earns his life he'll be lovely." "Everything new and machine-made sucks life out of us and makes us lifeless the more we have." "The body of itself is clean but the caged mind pollutes." "If you want to have sex, you've got to trust, at the core of your heart, the other creature." "Great is my need to be chaste and apart, in this cerebral age." "From all the mental poetry of deliberate love-making, from all the false felicity of deliberate taking the body of another unto mine, O God deliver me!" "To-day we've got no sex—we have only cerebral excitations." "Mind-perverted, will-perverted, ego-perverted love." "Shall I tell you the new word of the unborn day? It is Resurrection."

Here we have had one of the most gifted and disintegrated writers of our day crying out for integration; here a genius of disorder reached out toward a new order and those old unities on which religion itself is based. If that is not significant what is?

Louis XI Again

THE SAINTS, THE DEVIL, AND THE KING. By M. L. MABIE. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

Author of "The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio"

THE writer of a historical novel possesses one inestimable advantage over the writer of biography. In his delineating of some great character of the past he is not held in check by the all too frequently numerous lacunæ in the evidence. Not limited to known fact, he is much freer to reach out toward truth.

That this is so, is very well illustrated by Mr. M. L. Mabie's excellent portrayal of King Louis XI of France in his novel "The Saints, the Devil, and the King." Mr. Mabie has conceived Louis as a cold, ambitious, level-headed, and scheming character, as unscrupulous as a Borgia, as cowardly and at the same time as inwardly resolute as one of the later Visconti, moving as relentlessly and as fatally toward his objective as snake poison through a bitten person's veins. Legend supports him in this concept, and legend is, in turn it must be admitted, supported by tolerably credible evidence. But in history not all of this evidence is proven, and the conscientious historian would be handicapped thereby. The novelist, however, need not care for conscience. Louis, for example, is said to have poisoned his brother, Charles, Duke of Berry, and Louis did actually, in all probability, at least connive at the poisoning of his brother. It tallies with what is known to have been his character. Very well, let it be written, then, that he *did* poison his brother. This is a novel we are writing. If you want doubts and conjectures, go seek out your historians. There exists a plenty of them. We are writing romance. We are telling a story. We are not concerned with what we could take before a jury and convict on. Our interest is to be true to our character as we have visualized him; it is to be convincing; it is to seem real.

Of course these sentences may give a false impression of Mr. Mabie, for in the main his book not only rings true but also actually follows the documents. Only on a few occasions is he positive where there is, actually, controversy. And in these instances he follows a good logic. He is persuading, therefore. In a day when historical romance seems likely to come into favor, he has written a vivid, quickly moving, and readable historical romance. The only difference is that where the old historical romances were sentimental, this romance seems to have gained something from the régime of realism. One is reminded of William Morris by the unflinching way, for instance, that Mr. Mabie visualizes the hardness and the cruelty of the period. This, actually, is France at the end of the Middle Ages, and not a tableau from the Beaux Arts Ball!

Mr. Mabie has only one serious fault and that is an unfortunate habit of using some modern colloquialism in just such a way as to make it stand out like a patch on a velvet cloak. As a biographer, he may fall slightly behind some of those who have written recently about the same man. As a romancer, however, he is first class.

Prince Wilhelm, the second son of King Gustav V of Sweden, has again appeared in the literary field by publishing a series of short stories, called "Tales from the Village." The village referred to is situated on the slopes of the Alps above the French Riviera, where the Prince owns a beautiful villa at Eze, and he pictures the life of the wine-growers, farmers, and farm-hands, who lead their simple lives on the edge of Europe's luxury resorts. The Swedish critics award high praise to the Prince's narrative talent and his gift of imagination.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates per year, postpaid: in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 6. No. 34.

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Marriage in America

STEPHEN ESCOTT. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

Author of "Clash of Angels"

ONLY as a matter of formalism can Ludwig Lewisohn's new book, "Stephen Escott," be called a novel. It is essentially a treatise, an impassioned treatise on the institution of marriage in America. One has the sense that the only real character in the book is its author. He speaks forthrightly, brilliantly on every page. And as he speaks —pressing eternally upon the spiritual tragedy of marriage as he sees it—there is never any sense of the suffering of his characters but always a deep sense of the passion of Mr. Lewisohn.

For it is Mr. Lewisohn's passionate reaction against the emotional inadequacy of so many American marriages that gives color and power to the luminous rationalization in "Stephen Escott" of the spiritual values in love and marriage. The story, as it shapes about the theme, is a man's story of loneliness and seeking and frustration. Women in it are only figures, potent for tragedy, in the lives of the men whose marriages to them are portrayed. Mr. Lewisohn seems occasionally to have allied himself with his sex in an altogether masculine restatement of the once-called "war of the sexes." But the general spirit of the book belies this, for throughout there is the continually suggested truth that not only the men who fail in marriage to find what they are seeking but also the women, who in the men's eyes seem to create the failure, are caught in a stifling formula which thwarts their emotional lives before they are begun. In Mr. Lewisohn's book the only successful marriage is one among people whose racial heritage and tradition of love and marriage keep them apart from the conventional American attitude.

Mr. Lewisohn has made his study broad enough to include not only marriage in America in the so-called Victorian period but marriage in modern America when, as he conceives it, moral attitudes were changing at the outbreak of the World War. It is Mr. Lewisohn's thesis that while attitudes have changed, the modern attitude is as much an aspect of debasing Puritanism as the Victorian position which expressed itself in repression and a sense of shame in love itself. It is in the modern Puritan feminist type that Mr. Lewisohn is most interested. To give it background he presents three marriages in the Victorian formula, one after the design of modern radical Puritanism, and one which reaches perfection in America apart from the American tradition.

First there is the grim marriage of Stephen Escott's father and mother and the flight of the father after his wife's death into tawdry licentiousness. There is the story of the sterile marriage of the rich Oliver Adams Clayton of Massachusetts and the aristocratic Harriet St. Preux of South Carolina. And there is the story of Stephen's own marriage which followed like a pattern the marriage of his father. Stephen could say of himself and his wife, Dorothy, the product of a small Middle Western town: "We were normally and ancestrally predestined to emotional inadequacy." Yet when, as his father had done after his wife's death, he sought what he had lost in a purely physical affair with the modern Beatrice Loth, he turned away from it sick in his stomach and his heart.

> Beatrice, he saw, was no more exotic than Dorothy had been; she was as much as Dorothy a victim of Puritanism. Only she was rich and free and belonged to the feminist generation. She had begun by outraging her Puritanism, by ecstatically lashing her sense of sin. . . . She had, in addition, like all the women of her type and generation, a compensatory contempt for the male, which hid an unnatural envy of him. She wanted to be like him, to be him. She wanted, that being impossible, to dominate him, to wreak herself upon him, to enjoy and abandon him even as, in the Victorian version, men had been wont to enjoy and abandon women. . . . She wanted both to be the male and to humiliate the male. Her love was self-enjoyment and vengeance. She was not even a great lover nor even a courtesan. She was a Puritan feminist with auto-erotic tendencies.

It is in the dramatic story of Paul Glover, radical poet who killed his wife's lover, that Mr. Lewisohn develops the full philosophic implications of this modern Puritan feminist attitude toward love and marriage. Through Stephen, he showed how the Puritanism of the Victorians, which they called romantic love, cheapened the functions of the body by transforming them into something else. Now Glover sees in his own tragedy that modern radicals in demanding that love and marriage be comradeship with sex-freedom and without jealousy are cheapening sex to a function like eating. They are trivializing love and robbing it of all its by-products such as poetry and art and music and philosophy. The spiritual culture of the West, Glover insists, is definitely integrated with the over-valuation of the love-object and if that love-object is made trivial our civilization is destroyed.

Mr. Lewisohn has no remedy for the failure of these Americans in marriage. There is a way, he says, to emotional fulfilment but he has no confidence that it is a way to be followed by men and women in America. It is the way of a race and a tradition. In "Stephen Escott" the single successful marriage is among Jews. Mr. Lewisohn seems more sentimental than convincing in this elevation of Jewish marriage for in the book the characters who make that marriage are the characters who in love and in life are most intelligent. One feels that their marriage grew out of intelligence rather than race.

Mr. Lewisohn's preoccupation with his theme has some ill effects upon the book as story. His characters are too definitely framed to show every side of the problem which he is discussing. At times they seem not like living men and women but rather like puppets put into a dialogue by a philosopher to voice the variant ideas about a problem. Only Mr. Lewisohn's consummate skill, only his fecundity in the invention of the little details which make characters into personalities, could give these figures, each drawn to show a phase of a problem, the life which at times they undoubtedly have. There is reality and brilliance always in the argument; often the story and the characters are pallid by comparison.

And yet, packed as it is with discussion and philosophy, shaped as it is in a rather artificial plan of presentation, Paul Glover's story of his life and tragedy and the final red moment of murder is magnificent drama. That scene in which Glover kills his wife's obscene lover is, in the midst of a book shaped for idea rather than action, at once moving and exciting and full of artistic truth.

Kentucke

THE GREAT MEADOW. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. New York: The Viking Press. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

SOME months ago Mr. Krutch wrote in this *Review* that the novelist who was an artist also would not be realistic in the cruder sense, but would create a world whose reality was that of a realized imagination and not a mirror of anything on earth. That is what Miss Roberts has done for the earliest of our several Southwests, Kentucke the desired, the romantic, and the beautiful. Her story is an Exodus of a bride, whose heart yearned from Virginia to bring new life into the wilderness, as Daniel Boone yearned "to prepare it for civil men"; and like the first and greatest Exodus it is full of overtones and undermeanings, a rhythmic movement of a people rather than the mere narrative of Diony Hall and her husband, the long, silent Berk Jarvis.

In accordance, the style is lifted above the plain prose of narrative into a poetical diction which is often homely but sometimes almost a chant. The problem of dialogue, always troublesome in historical romance, she has solved by taking what seems to be the living speech of the Kentucky hills, with strong emphasis upon its archaisms and its racy figurativeness. Thus it is elevated above the familiar while keeping its native rhythms. And finally the story itself is organized upon impulses much deeper and stronger than the accident which makes Diony the mother of children by two living husbands. For Miss Roberts has managed a rhythmic symbolism of attraction and repulsion, the powerful attraction of a new world of hope and beauty, the repulsion of the savageries of the wilderness, with minor harmonizings as of the two young girls, Betty of Virginia and Betsy of the Wilderness, and the passing on of the torch of life from Elvira Jarvis when the Indians attack them to Diony, her son's wife, whom she saves. Indeed this whole novel is contrived so that its motivations are the desires of man in joint love and conflict with nature, and its movement the movement of the strong spirit of a race slowly fighting down weaker spirits and organizing a wilderness. To these motives and to this movement everything in the book is subordinated, so that there is no real personality but only character in the elemental sense, no objective description, but the white cliff of Cumberland, the canes, the woods of Kentucke as seen by the inward eye of those to whom they were symbols of a hope. These symbols—the "great high house Deer Creek," the cliff on the Cumberland, the salt licks, the meadows of Kentucke, and Boone himself—seem like themes in music, repeated in description or reference again and again.

Miss Roberts's first book, "The Time of Man," had some of this prophetic character. There too the characters, and especially the girl who was its heroine, acted under the influence of inner dreams. But "The Time of Man" was less organized than "The Great Meadow." It was simpler, more natural, less complete. There was a vigor of beauty in it which impressed all its readers.

If there is a criticism to be made of "The Great Meadow" it is that some of this vigor has gone. The artifice is much more able, the craftsmanship finer, the organization far more subtle and complete. But the book for all its perfection goes a little dead. It is to my thinking somewhat self-conscious, too much cerebrated, over composed. This is by no means to damn it, even with faint praise. It is a fine achievement which can be read only with pleasure by the discriminating in good fiction. Yet for all its excellences, there is something missing, something gone a little stale in the final execution, no spark where there should be a flash.

My own feeling is that Miss Roberts has been (O rare fault in America!) too concerned with the execution of her work. The feeling of infinite pains taken to get it right, comes through and the book just fails, when all is ready and done, to shake itself alive. And yet regarded as narrative, regarded as essay, regarded as imaginative construction, regarded any way but as fiction of the kind that leaps into a life more enduring than history, this novel is excellent. Only—its load of contriving just keeps it from rising into free air.

Cape Hatteras

By HART CRANE

The seas all crossed, weathered the capes, the voyage done. . .

—WALT WHITMAN

IMPONDERABLE the dinosaur
sinks slow,
the mammoth saurian
ghoul, the eastern
Cape . . .
While rises in the west the coastwise range,
slowly the hushed land—
Combustion at the astral core—the dorsal change
Of energy—convulsive shift of sand . . .
But we, who round the capes, the promontories
Where strange tongues vary messages of surf
Below grey citadels, repeating to the stars
The ancient names—return home to our own
Hearths, there to eat an apple and recall
The songs that gypsies dealt us at Marseille
Or how the priests walked—slowly through Bombay—
Or to read you, Walt,—knowing us in thrall

To that deep wonderment, our native clay
Whose depth of red, eternal flesh of Pocahontus—
Those continental folded aeons, surcharged
With sweetness below derricks, chimneys, tunnels—
Is veined by all that time has really pledged us . . .
And from above, thin squeaks of radio static,
The captured fume of space foams in our ears—
What whisperings of far watches on the main
Relapsing into silence, while time clears
Our lenses, lifts a focus, resurrects
A periscope to glimpse what joys or pain
Our eyes can share or answer—then deflects
Us, shunting to a labyrinth submerged
Where each sees only his dim past reversed . . .

But that star-glistered salver of infinity,
The circle, blind crucible of endless space,
Is sluiced by motion,—subjugated never.
Adam and Adam's answer in the forest
Left Hesperus mirrored in the lucid pool.
But the eagle that dominates our days, is jurist
Of the ambiguous cloud. We know the strident rule
Of wings imperious. . . . Space, instantaneous,
Flickers a moment, consumes us in its smile:

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A flash over the horizon—shifting gears—
And we have laughter, or more sudden tears.
Dream cancels dream in this new realm of fact
From which we wake into the dream of act;
Seeing himself an atom in a shroud—
Man hears himself an engine in a cloud!
"—Recorders ages hence"—ah, syllables of faith!
Walt, tell me, Walt Whitman, if infinity
Be still the same as when you walked the beach
Near Paumanok—your lone patrol—and heard the wraith
Through surf, its bird note there a long time falling . . .
For you, the panoramas and this breed of towers,
Of you—the theme that's statured in the cliff,
O Saunterer on free ways still ahead!
Not this our empire yet, but labyrinth
Wherein your eyes, like the Great Navigator's without ship,
Glow from the great stones of the prison crypt
That is each canyoned street. Your eyes, confronting the Exchange,
Surviving in a world of stocks, also keep range
Across the hills where second timber strays
Back over Connecticut farms, abandoned pastures,—
Sea eyes and tidal, undenying, bright with myth!

The nasal whine of power whips a new universe . . .
Where spouting pillars spoor the evening sky,
Under the looming stacks of the gigantic power house
Stars prick the eyes with sharp ammoniac proverbs,
New verities, new inklings in the velvet hummed
Of dynamos where hearing's leash is strummed . . .
Power's script,—wound, bobbin-bound, refined—
Is stropped to the slap of belts on booming spools, spurred
Into the bulging bouillon, harnessed jelly of the stars.
Towards what? The forked crash of split thunder parts
Our hearing momentwise; but fast in whirling armatures,
As bright as frogs' eyes, giggling in the girth
Of steely gizzards—axle-bound, confined
In coiled precision, bunched in mutual glee
The bearings glint—O murmurless and shined
In oilrinsed circles of blind ecstasy!

Stars scribble on our eyes the frosty sagas,
The gleaming cantos of unvanquished space . . .
O sinewy silver biplane, nudging the wind's withers!
There, from Kill Devils Hill at Kitty Hawk
Two brothers in their twinship left the dune;
Warping the gale, the Wright windwrestlers veered
Capeward, then blading the wind's flank, banked and spun
What ciphers risen from prophetic script,
What marathons new-set between the stars!
The soul, by naptha fledged into new reaches
Already knows the closer clasp of Mars,—
New latitudes, unknotting, soon give place
To what fierce schedules, rife of doom apace!
Behold the dragon's covey—amphibian, ubiquitous
To hedge the seaboard, wrap the headland, ride
The blue's unfeathered districts unto aether . . .
While Iliads glimmer through eyes raised in pride
Hell's belt springs wider—into heaven's plumed side.
O bright circumferences, heights employed to fly
War's fiery kennel masked in downy offings,—
This tournament of space, the threshed and chiselled height,
Is baited by marauding circles, bludgeon flail
Of rancorous grenades whose screaming petals carve us
The wounds we wrap with theorems sharp as hail!

Wheeled swiftly, wings emerge from larval-silver hangars.
Taut motors surge, space-gnawing, into flight;
Through sparkling visibility, outspread, unsleeping
Wings clip the last peripheries of light . . .
Tellurian wind-sleuths on dawn patrol,
Each plane a hurtling javelin of winged ordnance,
Bristle the heights above a screeching gale to hover;
Surely no eye that Sunward Esquadrille can cover!
There, meaningful, fledged as the Pleiades
With razor sheen they zoom each rapid helix!
Up-chartered choristers of their own speeding
They, cavalcade on escapade, shear Cumulus—
Lay siege and hurdle Cirrus down the skies!
While Cetus-like, O thou Dirigible, enormous Lounger
Of pendulous auroral beaches,—satellited wide
By convoy planes, moonferrets that rejoin thee
On fleeing balconies as thou dost glide,
—Hast splintered space!
Low, shadowed of the Cape,
Regard the moving turrets! From grey decks
New scouting griffons rise through gaseous crepe
Hung low . . . until a conch of thunder answers
Cloud-belfries, banging, while searchlights, like fencers,
Slit the sky's pancreas of foaming anthracite
Toward thee, O corsair of the typhoon,—pilot, hear!
Thine eyes bicarbonated white by speed, O Skygak, see
How from thy path above the levin's lance
Thou sowest doom thou hast nor time nor chance
To reckon—as thy stilly eyes partake
What alcohol of space . . ! Remember, Falcon-Ace,
Thou hast there in thy wrist a Sanscrit charge
To conjugate infinity's dim marge
Anew . . .!

But first, here at this height receive
The benediction of the shell's deep, sure reprieve!
Lead-perforated fuselage, escutcheoned wings
Lift agonized quittance, tilt from the invisible brink
Now eagle-bright, now
quarry-hid, twisting, sink with
Enormous repercussive listings down
Giddily spiralled
gauntlets, upturned, unlooping
In guerilla sleights, trapped in combustion, gyring, dance the curdled depth
down whizzing
Zodiacs, dashed
(now nearing fast the Cape!)
down gravitation's
vortex into crashed
. . . dispersion . . . into mashed and shapeless débris . . .
By Hatteras bunched the beached heap of high bravery!

The stars have grooved our eyes with old persuasions
Of love and hatred, birth,—surcease of nations . . .
But who has held the heights more sure than thou,
O Walt —Ascensions of thee hover in me now
As thou at junctions elegiac, there, of speed
With vast eternity, dost wield the rebound seed!
The competent loam, the probable grass,—travail
Of tides awash the pedestal of Everest, fail
Not less than thou in pure impulse inbred
To answer deepest soundings! O, upward from the dead
Thou bringest tally, and a pact, new bound
Of living brotherhood!

Thou, there beyond—
Glacial sierras and the flight of ravens,
Hermetically past condor zones, through zenith havens
Past where the albatross has offered up
His last wing-pulse, and downcast as a cup
That's drained, is shivered back to earth—thy wand
Has beat a song, O Walt,—there and beyond!
And this, thine other hand, upon my heart
Is plummet ushered of those tears that start
What memories of vigils bloody by that Cape,—
Ghoul-mound of man's inventiveness at baulk
And fraternal massacre! Thou, pallid there as chalk
Hast kept of wounds, O Mourner, all that sum
That then from Appomattox stretched to Somme!

Cowslip and shad-blow, flaked like tethered foam
Around bared teeth of stallions, bloomed that spring
When first I read thy lines, rife as the loam
Of prairies, yet like breakers cliffward leaping!
O, early following thee, I searched the hill
Blue-writ and odor-firm with violets, 'til
With June the mountain laurel broke through green
And filled the forest with what clustrous sheen!
Potomac lilies, then the Pontiac rose
And Klondike edelweiss of occult snows!
White banks of moonlight came descending valleys—
How speechful on oak vizored palisades
As vibrantly, I following down Sequoia alleys
Heard thunder's eloquence through green arcades
Set trumpets breathing in each clump and grass tuft
—'til
Gold autumn, captured, crowned the trembling hill!

Panis Angelicus! Eyes tranquil with the blaze
Of love's own diametric gaze, of love's amaze!
Not greatest, thou,—not first, nor last,—but near
And onward yielding past my utmost year.
Familiar, thou, as mendicants in public places,
Evasive—too—as dayspring's spreading arc to trace is,—
Our Meistersinger, thou set breath in steel;
And it was thou who on the boldest heel
Stood up and flung the span on even wing
Of that great Bridge, our Myth, whereof I sing!
Years of the Modern! Propulsions toward what capes?
But thou, *Panis Angelicus*, hast thout not seen
And passed that Barrier that none escapes—
But knows it leastwise as death-strife?—O, something green,
Beyond all sesames of science was thy choice
Wherewith to bind us throbbing with one voice,
New integers of Roman, Viking, Celt—
Thou, Vedic Caesar, to the greensward knelt!

And now, as launched in abysmal cupolas of space,
Toward endless terminals, Easters of speeding light—
Vast engines outward veering with seraphic grace
On clarion cylinders pass out of sight
To course that span of consciousness thou'st named
The Open Road—thy vision is reclaimed!
What heritage thou'st signalled to our hands!
And see! the rainbow's arch—how shimmeringly stands
Above the Cape's ghoul-mound, O joyous seer!
Recorders ages hence, ah, they shall hear
In their own veins uncancelled thy sure tread
And read thee by the aureole 'round thy head
Of pasture-shine, *Panis Angelicus!*
yes, Walt,
Afoot again, and onward without halt,—
Not soon, nor suddenly,—no, never to let go
My hand
in yours,
Walt Whitman—
so—

A Dramatic Record

THE STABILIZATION OF THE MARK. By Dr. Hjalmar Schacht. London: Allen & Unwin. 1929.

Reviewed by William Leon Smyser

PERHAPS this book, the German first edition of which appeared two years ago, is the most dramatic to have come out of Central Europe since the war. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, is a dynamic figure, and the large part which he has himself actually played in the stabilization of the mark makes his account of financial crises and economic victories read like some vivid autobiography. In Schacht's initial skirmishes with Hugo Stinnes and the other Rhineland industrial magnates over immediate withdrawal of the local *Notgeld* currency, one may read the whole tragedy of the 1923 inflation and threatened separatism in the occupied territory. Like a skilful playright the author only relinquishes the suspense of his story when he can come to a full stop, picturing a Reich with currency once more established upon the gold basis, a Foreign Exchange with German papers quoted at par, and a Reichsbank completely in control of the situation.

Even more than a sound history of German currency and business policy since the war, "The Stabilization of the Mark" is especially interesting for the light it throws upon the man who has effectually established himself as the financial dictator of the country. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht is seen through his own phrases as a man who willingly abandons economic theory if the facts demand unusual energy and Draconian firmness. Among other of his policies which he defends is the Reichsbank's "rationing of credits" to industry at a time when the usual practice of raising its discount rate might not have been effective in restricting speculation and borrowing. Political and diplomatic expediency leaves Dr. Schacht unimpressed. Convinced upon mere economic facts that Germany should have direct access to some portion of the earth's surface producing raw materials, he is ready to advance this contention in season and out, in a committee of experts or a meeting of statesmen. In his book he lays down the principles which made him an *enfant terrible* in the deliberations of the Young Committee, and which inspired his recent Memorandum leading to the resignation of Hilferding. Schacht is a strong man.

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The Bowling Green

J. L. Q. writes from Great Neck, N. Y.:—

We have a little group of depraved kinspirits who like to get together in the evenings now and then to play charades, 10-minute sketches and impromptu jenesaisquois. A touch of ribaldry is not disrelished. There were two skits in your recent lamented Shoestring Revue which I have prated about and which our gang wants to repeat at a private merriment on April Fool's Day. One was a takeoff on the old sawmill drama, the other about a Sun Lamp. Do you dare print them so we can have the text? I know it's taking a chance. . . .

It *is* taking a chance, but if our subscribers will bear in mind that these skits were not intended to be considered as text but to be visualized, we are willing to oblige. They may not be performed, however, without the perpetrator's express permission.

THE SAW MILL

SCENE: The old saw-mill (with apologies to *Blue Jeans.*)

Workmen are feeding saw. Whistle blows. Enter Hero from office carrying newspaper. Machinery stops.

HERO: Men, you can shut down now for a couple of hours. I'm letting you all off to attend the political meeting.

MEN: Hurray!

Yes sir.

Good luck, sir.

You'll win.

Honesty always comes out ahead, etc. ad lib.

Three cheers for the Boss. (*they exit*)

VILLAIN: Shall I keep the power on?

HERO: Yes, we'll go back to work after the meeting. Lock up and we'll all go down to the hall. My last speech, I must make a go of it.

VILLAIN: Right. (*Locks door at back*) (*Aside*) His last speech. He always tells the truth. Ha, ha, ha. (*exit through office*)

HERO: And if I'm elected, I shall owe it all to my blessed Fanny. How her dear face will shine if she comes back to find me successful. Success! ah tempting vision, I inhale its sweetness. The third mortage lifted, the creditors appeased, the rootabaga crop more nourishing than ever, and my dear good simple sweet beneficent wife who has forgiven the errors of my past—yes, success in all save political ambition—and tomorrow's sun may shine on that—let's see the weather forecast. (*Looks at newspaper*) Yes, fair and warmer. Nothing can defeat me now. (*Knock—enter Vamp from office L. to C.*) You!

VAMP: Accurate.

HERO: I wrote you never to see me again. I returned your letters unopened. You didn't put enough postage on them.

VAMP: You'll break the postman's heart.

HERO: Enough. You are a page of my life that has been blotted out.

VAMP: You'll find that I'm still legible. I heard that Fanny is away—

HERO: Don't call her Fanny. That sweet brace of syllables is not for your poison tongue.

VAMP: I should think it quite natural for your first wife to call your second wife by her first name. They at least have one bond, they both know how worthless YOU are.

HERO: You were never my wife. It was a blackmail trick.

VAMP: Trick or not, I've got things the voters of this county would like to see—perhaps in tomorrow morning's papers—Election day.

HERO: What do you mean?

VAMP: Your photograph, signed "From your adoring husband."

HERO: You got that? You stole it!

VAMP: I bought it.

HERO: You fiend. Give it up. (*struggles with her*)

VAMP: You think I've got it here? Not such a fool. Let go, I'll scream. You always were hot-blooded. That's one thing I liked about you.

HERO: Trollop! Get out.

VAMP: Very well then, I'll tell my story to the papers.

HERO: It's a lie!

VAMP: It'll hold water for one day, long enough for people to read it on the way to the polls.

HERO: Oh my God. (*aside*) She's devil enough to do it. Poor Fannie.

VAMP: (*Seductively*) Don't worry about your poor Fannie, Oliver. You and I were very close once. Leave that baby face and come with me. (*Knocking at door at back*)

FANNY: (*Outside*) Oliver!

HERO: My wife!

VAMP: This is fine. This is TOO good. Leave that country simp for a woman with steam in her.

FANNY: Oliver, are you there?

VAMP: Sure he's here.

HERO: Keep quiet. If she sees or hears you I'll kill you. Get out.

VAMP: (*Struggles with him*) You brute. Not till I get your answer.

FANNY: Open this door. Oliver, where are you?

HERO: For God's sake—get out of sight—go in there till I get rid of her—then we'll talk.

VAMP: Ah, coming to your senses eh? Ha, ha, ha. (*exit into the office*)

FANNY: Oliver, Oliver! (*He opens the door at back*)

HERO: Frances—what does this mean—I thought you went to Louisville.

FANNY: I decided it wasn't right to go shopping the day of your big meeting. I wanted to help you, I'm your little wife. Why isn't the mill milling?

HERO: I let the men off for the meeting.

FANNY: You look sick.

HERO: Do I? I was just thinking up a speech.

FANNY: You look sicker than that. Where is that woman?

HERO: Why, what woman?

FANNY: You know who I mean. I won't soil my lips with her name.

HERO: Frances, you're crazy, dear—

FANNY: I saw her come in. Open that door.

HERO: It's all over. (*Enter Vamp from office door, stands smiling*)

FANNY: The men gone, the doors locked, steam in the boiler, and you two alone together— (*collapses, weeping*)

HERO: Frances, I swear there is no guilt.

FANNY: Wherever there's a husband, there's always guilt.

VAMP: Right. And he was *MINE* first.

FANNY: How dare you?

VAMP: Here's the proof. (*takes photo from her bosom*) Our baby.

FANNY: It's false. It might be anyone's.

HERO: It *WAS* anyone's.

VAMP: And you to him are childless.

FANNY: I have no answer to such a vulgar taunt.

VAMP: All right; wait for the morning papers. (*starts to go*)

FANNY: Stop. You shan't destroy his name on the eve of triumph. You're my prisoner here until after the election. (*Goes to door L. bars Vamp's exit*) Oliver, go to your meeting and win. I'll keep her here. Wait, I'll lock the outer door. (*Exit L.*)

VAMP: You think you're clever. I'll show you. (*Enter Villain R*) (*Vamp locks office door, shutting Fanny out*) Now if you've any speeches to make you'd better do it quick.

HERO: I'd rather lose the election than leave you alone with that pure woman. (*Door at back opens, villain creeps in*) (*Hero struggles with Vamp*)

VAMP: Ed, he's going to injure me.

(*Villain strikes hero from behind*)

(*Hero staggers, falls on saw table*)

(*Fanny begins pounding on office door*)

VILLAIN: He's all that stands between you and me.

VAMP: My story to the papers! (*Exit at back*)

VILLAIN: (*Starts machinery*) Now saw, damn you, saw! (*Hero's body moves gradually toward the saw*)

FANNY: Oliver, Oliver! Oh my God, the Saw! (*She rushes to the saw just as the body is cut in two*) (*Yells*) Too late!

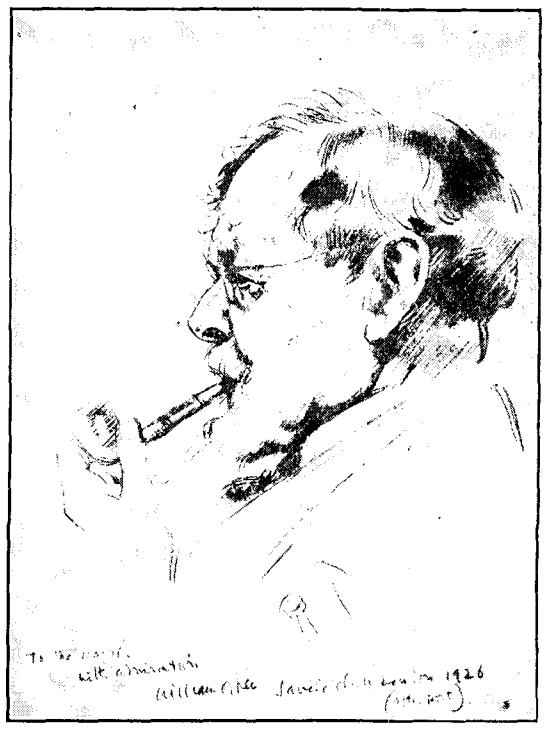
* * *

. . . I was all ready to print here the other quodlibet, an infradig called SUN CURED; then arrived a sudden infusion of caution. Some irresponsibilities so innocent in themselves look a trifle unseemly in cold print; and still, in a censorious world, there are many who do not easily forgive a casual buffoonery. I will send a copy of it under plain sealed wrapper to J. L. Q.

* * *

I have learned that the writer of those very beautiful prefaces in the catalogues of the Argosy Bookstore (N. Y. City) is Samuel Loveman. I sincerely recommend your getting yourself on his mailing list.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



The Major

By LOUIS BROMFIELD

MAJOR PUTNAM was my introduction to the publishing profession. When I think of him it is always in the same way—as he sat in his office surrounded by the pictures and books of writers, some who were on the crest of the wave at the moment, some who had begun to slip from popularity and esteem, some who had been already dead for a generation or more. There were a great many souvenirs of Edgar Allan Poe. His office was the most bitter comment on the transience of literary fashions. And in the midst of the photographs and souvenirs sat the little man known as G. H. P. or The Major, of a personality so positive and decided that you knew at once what sort of man he was. He had a quick, brisk voice, a friendly smile, a very straight back, bright, humorous blue eyes, and the springy step of a boy. I remember noticing the Major surrounded by his authors and thinking, "They come and they go, but he goes on forever." And at last he has gone to join the

There was a great deal of New England i Major. He was justly proud of his ancestry, f came of a really distinguished American famuy. There was nothing mongrel about it and its tradition was firm and straightforward with no sentimental vaporings. The Major knew what he wanted. He knew what he thought was right or wrong, distinguished or shoddy. There was no shilly-shallying about him. He had that vague, mysterious thing called Character which was the heritage of a generation which had fought to preserve its government and of a civilization which was struggling to be born. There are no more like him.

I don't think he ever really understood the young men of our day, especially the somewhat muddled generation which was struggling with the hopeless question of existence. The great Why did not trouble him. There was a rule for everything.

Yet he was a reformer and a fierce idealist. You could not talk to him for long without discovering his passionate interest in causes. It was that, I think, which always kept him amazingly young and gave him the energy to whisk back and forth across the Atlantic year after year keeping an eye on the London house and finding out what was going on in Europe He was never old in spirit. He was old only in the sense that he belonged to the older and purer American tradition.

Both authors and publishers owe him a great debt, for he fought for them to the very end, and it is chiefly due to him that their rights are protected all over the world save in Russia where no rights are protected. I don't think he ever understood the buccaneering spirit which began to creep into the publishing profession a dozen years ago. His tradition was a more gentlemanly one. And all the side show bally-hoo of modern publishing rather upset him, although he tried, I think, to understand its necessity and to approve of it.

There are not many of his tradition left, and I, for one, think it a pity that we have not more Tories who know their principles and stick by them. It would give backbone to this rather vapouring modern world. I used to work for him and the perpetual disorder of my desk upset him. He could not understand these young people. Something has gone from New York which I shall miss whenever I return.

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Books of Special Interest

An Impassioned Reformer

"TIGER! TIGER!" By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

READERS of Honoré Willsie Morrow's books accredit her with zest in research and ability to create certain dramatic moments in the lives of Marcus Whitman, Lincoln and his maligned wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, Adoniram Judson, and John B. Gough. Once Mr. Gough quoted to Francis E. Willard the stanza, "Tiger," by William Blake, adding the comment, "I knew I'd found a name for my beast." Drink, like a ravenous tiger, beset the path of this sensitive man, with a gift of oratory, from his boyhood to the last tragic, mysterious "fall," after he had won plaudits and "pledges" from thousands. This book has two aspects. It is a biography of a remarkable man; it is a history of the temperance movement and the trial of prohibition in the United States and Great Britain during four decades of the nineteenth century.

As biography, it is uneven and incomplete, lacking adequate data in places. The first half has scenes narrated with "vivisecting" realism; the second half seems hurried without due assimilation of facts into dramatic scenes. One of Gough's books was entitled "Sunshine and Shadow." Mrs. Morrow's background is overclouded with grim shadows and sensational incidents; it lacks adequate record of the later years of honor and serenity at Hillside. Hither came visitors of note from every country, to enjoy good cheer in this household, brightened by his "loyal helpmeet" and her nieces, the Misses Whitcomb, and to marvel at the twenty-five volumes of Cruikshank sketches and the books in rare bindings, designed by their owner, a past master of this craft. One may supplement this biography with such memories of life's afterglow and by the date of his death, February 18, 1886. His biographer portrays, with distinctness and sympathy, Jane Gough, the hard-working mother in Sandgate by the sea, with her "mystical intuition" of the "arch enemy" with whom her impulsive son must contend in the new country to which he came as a lad of fourteen. His stern father, the Sergeant, "would make a soldier" of this delicate, high-strung boy whose musical voice had already seemed to forecast for him a place as preacher.

Mrs. Morrow traces the years of loneliness and conflicts (which Mr. Gough called, in his Autobiography, "the years of damning degradation") in New York, environed by Paddy and the Brown Jug, in Worcester and Newburyport where his first wife and baby died while he was in a state of inebriety. In Worcester he first signed the pledge, through the friendly interests of Joel Stratton (the name is not given by Mrs. Morrow); in Worcester he found Mary Whitcomb, a schoolteacher of rare talents and courage, who became his "unwearied mentor." The home of her uncle became their later Hillside. One wishes that Mrs. Morrow had given more extracts from those diaries, so carefully kept by Gough from his first public speech. On the other hand, she takes too much space, twenty-two pages, to give a verbatim report of his testimony at the libel suit, brought in self-defence against *Dr. Lees in London*. Here was opportunity for a dramatic summary.

In spite of the defects of "Tiger! Tiger!" as an individual biography, it has paramount value as a composite picture of Temperance movements from 1826 to 1875. It is timely to revive facts about these organizations and their leaders like Lyman Beecher, Neal Dow, Moses Grant, Frances E. Willard. Graphic sidelights are thrown upon the American Society for the Promotion of Temperance, the Washington Temperance Society, the Father Matthew Temperance Reform, the Maine Liquor Law, the Woman's Crusade and W. C. T. U., and the National Temperance League, and other movements in Great Britain that summoned Gough as their orator. The pros and cons of prohibition, as discussed fifty years ago, furnish fodder for arguments today. Mr. Gough changed his viewpoint at certain emotional crises, as Mrs. Morrow emphasizes. "Don't pass a prohibition law till the morale of your public will uphold it," he said to Neal Dow on one occasion. Later, under the influence of Frances Willard, he made his "ultimate concession" that "organic law was required to safeguard" men like himself. Mrs. Morrow has produced a valuable social history; it remains for a psychiatrist to add another chapter to the analysis of this impassioned reformer.

A Visiting-Card to Posterity

THE LITERARY CAREER OF JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ. Being the Bibliographical Materials for a Life of Boswell. By FREDERICK ALBERT POTTLE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $15.

Reviewed by A. EDWARD NEWTON

FROM title page to index this is an admirable and much-needed book. Much-needed chiefly because it puts a quietus upon the long-held opinion that James Boswell was the biographer of Johnson and nothing more. I remember reading, many years ago, in an English magazine, the statement that "the fame of James Boswell *shrivels* the more one thinks of him!" And except by the writer of this brief paper, this statement was allowed to go unchallenged. Now, James Boswell stands forth as one of the important literary figures of the eighteenth century, the mere bulk of whose writings amazes us and whose personality continues to baffle us. It really is not surprising that the cocksure Macaulay made such a blunder in his analysis.

The wealth of Boswell material that now pours from the press would have amazed, as well as delighted, the great biographer, for it is, when all is said, as a biographer that Boswell will live as long as the language. The man who has produced one thing unique, inimitable, supreme, comes sooner or later to be identified with that thing, as when one thinks of Edison, one invariably thinks of the electric light. But Boswell, from early manhood, had an "itching pen," and in spite of his fondness for liquor and the ladies he was a painstaking—almost an industrious—man. And Boswell would have been amazed at this book and for this reason. No author, least of all in the eighteenth century, which had little or no knowledge of the science of bibliography, has been much concerned with what Mr. Pottle calls his "Literary Career," until it was too late to recall the condition under which a book was produced, or reproduced. I was much struck by a phrase in the "Bibliography of Oscar Wilde," which appeared some years ago, in which Robert Ross, in his introduction says: "I cannot pretend to have read this book through; but I can affirm that in turning over the pages for ten minutes I learned more about Wilde's writings than Wilde himself ever knew." I would say the same of "The Literary Career of James Boswell." What a happy title!

I never open a bibliography, and I open them frequently, without thinking of Dr. Johnson's remark: "Here is industry working without hope of reward." Mr. Pottle has produced that rather unusual thing, a book of reference that is at the same time (skipping collations) a readable book—a book which every good Boswellian will wish to have upon his shelves.

When a "mere collector" or the "average man" gets a bibliography like this to "review," if he is honest, he admits that the man best equipped to point out its good qualities—and its bad ones, too—is the compiler of it. But I *bought* my copy and turned its every page with no idea of writing a line about it. I bought it because I saw that it was an Oxford University Press book, which means that it is a good book, *well printed and well bound, and I saw that* it contained a wealth of information, admirably arranged, with an excellent index.

The life of a man of letters is, of necessity, largely concerned with his books. He counts his milestones not so much by years as by his books. Boswell was, from a boy, avid of literary fame; why should he not have been? It is, of all fame, the most lasting. The statesmen and politicians of the eighteenth century are largely forgotten; we speak of it as the "Age of Johnson." Boswell's earliest appearance in print is "Observations on the Minor by a Genius," to give *the pamphlet its short title, of which two* copies only are known to exist. Its date is 1760; Boswell was then only twenty years of age, but he does not hesitate to call himself a "Genius," a title to which he had no right until his "Life of Johnson" was published. For the next thirty years, until 1791, to be exact, when the "Life" appeared, he wrote and published constantly, and these writings, all of them, have been studied, and analyzed and collated with the greatest care by Mr. Pottle, whose visiting-card to posterity this book is likely to be.

". . . that's the book I've been meaning to read. . . ."

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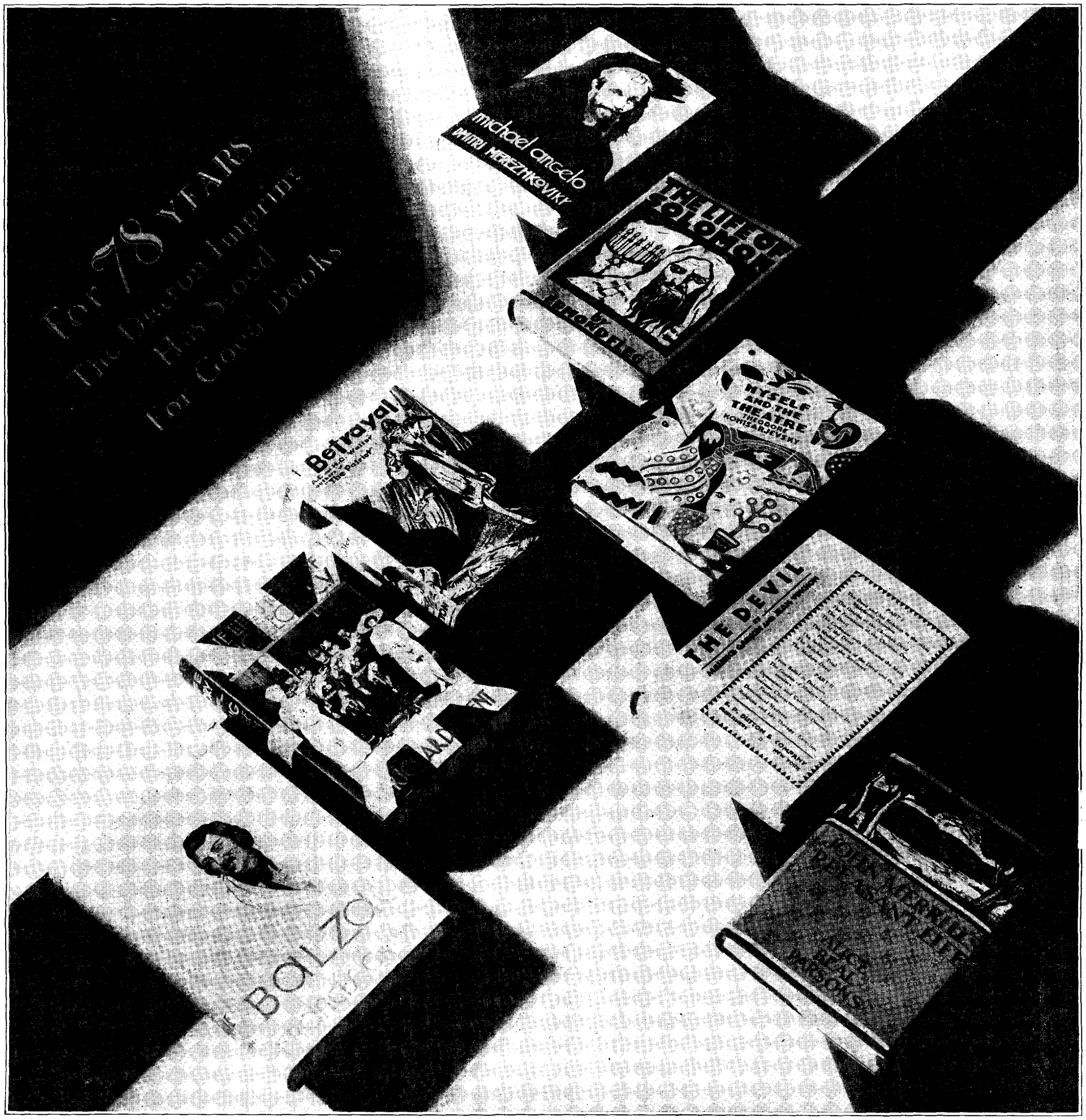

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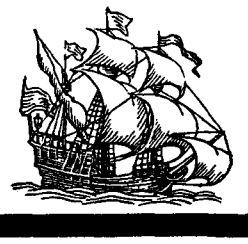

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The German Economic Background

By G. Hirschfeld

THE literature of any country reflects to a certain extent the well-being, the prosperity or the depression, and the impoverishment of the nation within whose boundaries it is growing. This is perhaps nowhere as true as it is of Germany, partly because the literature of this country was in a very healthy and flourishing state before the war and especially because the economic system of Germany has undergone very remarkable changes caused by the loss of the war and the subsequent inflation period.

In the decades before 1914 the general tendency of German literature was more romantic than realistic, more classic than modern. Even the representatives of modern German fiction, like Thomas Mann and Gerhard Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Kellermann, and others belong in the nature of their problems and in the way of thinking distinctly to the classics. But then, fifteen and twenty years back the average German citizen, just as today the American farmer from the Middle West, was by no means world-minded; he grew up in typically German surroundings and was satisfied with the domestic "microcosm."

This attitude of the German public at large has been thoroughly changed. The loss of the war and the subsequent inflation period made Germany dependent upon foreign aid and foreign markets. What little capital was left after the war in German commerce and industry, was devalorized by the downfall of the currency until one dollar was worth 4.2 billion reichsmarks. In other words, Germany was left with a still powerful industry and with an extensive commercial and economic system, but there was no marketing possibility in the domestic field. The scarcity of capital and the huddled conditions among employers and employees alike brought about a tremendously declining buying power. Yet, industry had to manufacture goods and had to sell them not only to make a living but to pay the taxes out of which the yearly reparations had to be paid. These reparations amounted to something like $600,000,000 per year, which was fixed as the maximum rate; in the meantime, the Young plan, now before the various governments for acceptance, changes somewhat the stipulations of the Dawes plan, but does not at all lighten the burden of the German manufacturers and merchants.

From these developments it may be seen that the world market offered the only chance for a profitable disposal of German goods. The factories throughout Germany were inadequately equipped for competition in the world market, their machinery, etc., had to be renewed and replaced, the processes of production and distribution had to be carefully checked over and mechanized and rationalized, and all this could be done only by considerable capital investment. Thus, a number of foreign loans, particularly from the United States, were obtained, and it is a matter of fact that between 1924 and 1928 not less than 2.5 billion dollars in short- and long-term investment was obtained from abroad. It was largely from these sources that the reconstruction of Germany in general, and of her productive enterprises in particular was started; and it is from this point that Germany appears once more as a formidable competitor in the world market.

One must know the development of the internal affairs of Germany as outlined above in order to understand the modern trend of German literature, especially that part which deals with social, political, and economic topics. As literature reflects the economic emancipation of a country, so we see and find a remarkable swing in the trend of German literature, away from the more abstract things and topics to the more practical questions and problems confronting the new, the republican, the post-War Germany. It is in line with this country's economic development if the majority of present-day writers turn to the discussion and analysis of the two great problems of the moment: one is the world market without which Germany can neither make a living nor pay the reparation-burdens; the other is Germany herself and the question of what can and could be done to reconstruct that unity, economic, social, and political, which was characteristic of pre-war Germany, aside from the further improvement in the purely manufacturing end which would give Germany a still better chance in the world market.

What interests the German writers in the world market most, is the position, the background, and the future development of the United States. The latter is considered the commercial and industrial center of the world; the fact that Germany has borrowed more from New York than from any other financial capital in the rest of the world, increases the interest in American affairs. Another point which is very vigorously discussed, is the unparalleled progress in the manufacturing as well as distribution process. Mass production and its new theory, mass consumption and its quite surprising possibilities, the instalment plan, industrial concentration trend, credit systems, and many other developments have aroused tremendous interest among German economists and general writers. One of the outstanding factors in the American economic system and one to which perhaps more attention is given than to any other feature, is the foreign trade expansion of the United States. The German writers are well aware of the fact that, tremendous as the buying power of the American public may be, mass production is making such strides as to surpass by a considerable margin the sales possibilities on the domestic market. If today already between twenty-five and thirty per cent of the total production of the United States from raw material to the finished product, is being exported, in fact, must be exported in order to get rid of the surplus-production, the German writer concludes therefrom that foreign markets and especially Europe will see a remarkable effort on the part of the United States to gain a firm foothold in these markets. He foresees a powerful American invasion into the European markets, in fact, he tries to prove that this invasion has already been started and he goes as far as to explain that Europe can neither stop nor even probably reduce this influx of American goods. The German journalist and writer is somewhat melancholy about this danger, and a great deal of present-day literature is dedicated to the problem of how to strengthen not only Germany, but at least Central Europe if not, indeed, the whole of Europe (with the exception, of course, of Great Britain and Russia) against the superiority, financial and otherwise, of the United States.

In a later letter we shall discuss the economic background of German literature in its relation to Russia and other European countries.

Dante in Japan

JUKICHI OGA'S "A Dante Bibliography in Japan," printed last year in Osaka for private circulation, illustrates the extent of the study in Japan of Dante, and again makes plain the fact that great literature is at one with the world's unity and is never stopped by the boundaries of nations and cultures. In this pamphlet of forty-nine pages, one finds that Japanese interest in Dante is largely and increasingly a twentieth-century phenomenon. The first entry is for the translation of the collected works made by Masaki Nakayama, and published in Tokyo in 1924-1925 in ten volumes, the first three volumes, however, a reprint with some corrections of the edition of 1917, and the last two volumes a reprint of the Shisei Dante published in 1921.

Nine pages are given to translations of Dante's works, the entries including references even to translations of short passages. Forty pages are given to works on Dante. Writers on Dante, other than Japanese, named in this section include Baron Carlo Aliotti, Hans Christian Andersen, d'Annunzio, Matthew Arnold, Bernard Bosanquet, Jacob Burckhardt, A. J. Butler, Thomas Carlyle, Chaucer, E. B. F. Clarke, W. F. Collier, Croce, Charles Allen Dinsmore, Eucken, R. G. Gettell, Rémy de Gourmont, Lafcadio Hearn, A. G. F. Howell, Oscar Kuhns, Emil Lnocka, Lambroso, Hendrik van Loon, Mary Macgregor, John Macy, Giuseppe Mazzini, Michael Angelo, Albert Mordell, Charles Eliot Norton, Giovanni Papini, Walter Pater, Stephen Phillips, Sir Frederick Pollock, Romain Rolland, Ruskin, George Santayana, Shelley, Upton Sinclair, A. H. Strong, Paget Toynbee, Genevieve Tucker, W. W. Vernon. If, in this list, unexpected names emerge, and juxtapositions have their alphabetical inavoidance, then there is the old witness here again to the catholicity of Dante's appeal. The bulk of the writings about Dante in this bibliography are, of course, of Japanese origin.

Mr. Oga says in the prefatory note: "Some of the entries may perhaps be regarded as trivial, but, trivial though they be, they have, I think, a value of their own." The compiler need have no misgivings about the bibliography as a whole; it is a distinct contribution to scholarship. Mr. Oga is not only a bibliographer; he is one of Japan's leading scholars in the field of Dante study.

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The Wit's Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 81. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best specimens of what might have happened if Mr. Ring Lardner had written "Romeo and Juliet." (Entries, not exceeding 400 words of prose should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of March 25. Competitors are advised not to attempt to tell the whole story.)

Competition No. 82. A First Prize of ten dollars and a Second Prize of five dollars are offered for the best short rhymed lyric called "Mirage." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 7.)

Attention is called to the Rules printed below.

THE SEVENTIETH COMPETITION

The prize for the best Character Sonnet in the manner of Mr. E. A. Robinson has been divided equally among Vincent Starrett, Helen Gray, and Dr. Hans Maulschnapper.

THE PRIZE SONNETS

I CALTHROP

He waited years for Calthrop to conceive
And bear a poem pregnant as his throes,
And frequently we said that Calthrop's pose
Of poet frustrate was a long reprieve.
We rather doubted Calthrop, I believe,
A solemn enough pundit, Heaven knows,
Whose ordinary monologues, in prose,
To say the least, were musty as his sleeve.

Then suddenly one day the thing was born.
It took us unaware, but we were kind:
Uneasy too, if it must be confessed;
But Calthrop only smiled his gentle scorn,
And we were all a bit relieved to find
It even worse than ever we had guessed.

VINCENT STARRETT

II THAT NIGHT

Quipp and old Kranck and Wilfred Wyles and I
Sat late that night, looking at the Great Bear,
Smoking, and making out we didn't care
The man Flammonde had bluffed us with jack high.
Quipp, staring at the stars, projected "Why?"
None spoke till Wilfred grated with his chair
And growled "We don't know What." *Kranck said "Nor* Where,
Nor How; *your question waits for by and bye."*

So we got up, and Wilfred found his hat,
And all of us shook hands and said good night,
Feeling wise and sleepy. I put out the cat,
And wound the clock and saw that it was right.
The Dipper had been scoured, it shone so bright;
Tomorrow would be clear; and that was that.

HELEN GRAY

III EBEN WROUGHT

When Eben Wrought strolled down, that April day,
It was not, as so many people think,
That he had had more than his more of drink;
Nor is it true his wits had lost their way.
Guess as the tongues of all the neighbors may,
Rolling their doubts to speculation's brink,
They are no wiser than the owls that blink
In the confusion of an obvious ray.
Not one of them, for all his prying thought,
Knows why, that day, old Eben sauntered down
With his own mumbled words for company,
And paid the Official Crier of the Town
To cry all afternoon—"Old Eben Wrought
Last night saw angles in his apple-tree."

HANS MAULSCHNAPPER
(Dr. Juris, Jena)

There is no space here to detail or even to name all the competitors who, according to our usual standards, deserve praise. This contest broke all previous records both as to the quality and the number of entries. There seemed to me to be nothing to choose among the three sonnets printed above. But it was a long and troublesome task to disengage them from the score or more of entries that were only a little less successful. Some of these are printed below, but I wish there were room in this issue for Homer Parson's astonishing *reductio ad absurdum* of his model, as also for the excellent entries by Jessie Rittenhouse, J. M. Fox, Kenneth White, Arline Dow, Anne Carpenter, Corinne R. Swain, Paul Horgan, Eleanor Glenn Wallis, J. E. Oron, E. Dawson, A. Mountwhite, H. L. Koppenhoefer, and Owen Meech, several of whom reached the prize winning standard.

MARMADUKE TYNDAL

Marmaduke Tyndal loved to read of kings
Who hewed a bloody road amid their foes,
Of Cæsar, Cromwell, Charlemagne and those
In general who seemed unmoved, though things
Were all upset in politics. "It rings
True virtue out to be exposed to blows,"
So Tyndal thought, "A strength that few suppose
Will rise to meet fate's sternest challengings."

Thus he'd orate, perched high upon his stool
Waving a meagre bare forearm. With thin
High laugh, he'd ridicule the great and slur
Plutocracy. But when that dapper fool,
The boss' young son would pass, he'd cringe and grin
And bow and call the brainless stripling "Sir."

CLAUDIUS JONES

INTERPRETATION

I think that he had thought himself too strong;
And, finding that his weakness came apace,
More on his mind and body than his face,
Distrusted us, that we might think him wrong
To sacrifice our friendship to a long
Bedside acquaintance with his hopeless case;
He thought what we would think, put in his place
—He thought and thought—and still more thought would throng.

He thought of mainly us, without a light
—"Good," he has said, "is error—but by night"—
And blindly, by the contour of the air,
Rounded the corner leading to the quay
—He knew the river only distantly—
Sure, at the last, that we had sent him there.

ARJEH

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

CAPTAIN SCOTT. By STEPHEN GWYNN. Harpers. 1930. $4.

Stephen Gwynn is to be congratulated on an excellent biography of Captain Scott. The selections made from Captain Scott's own letters, some of them hitherto unpublished, has been admirably done, and the whole book has been greatly helped by the author's restraint. The latter would be no easy matter to many writers.

Captain Scott, judged by his Polar explorations, is just one among others who sought new lands and new discoveries in a frozen unknown. But his death and the manner of his death discovered to the English peoples a man of such rigidity of purpose and nobility of soul, that to this day his name is a symbol of such characteristics as are deemed most desirable.

From the many letters written prior to any expedition, one can be certain that Scott, if he had kept to the Navy would have made his name well-known there. His intelligence and energy were indubitable and were sure to have brought recognition. The chance that led him to the Antarctic only the more surely and rapidly brought these qualities to prominence. The obstacles he met there brought him death, which he faced with a spirit of nobility and selflessness unequaled in history. It is a tribute to the service in which Scott was educated that he met his end so fearlessly. For there is no doubt that first, last, and all the time he was a naval officer.

Mr. Gwynn is an unobtrusive biographer, but how admirable is his restraint. He lets Scott's documents tell the story and has joined them together in firmly knit sequence. His own manner is straightforward. There is no floridness or extravagance, and such must have been a constant temptation. The biography as a result, is compact and readable, and one can give wholehearted praise to this book and to its author.

Fiction

JOY IS MY NAME. By SARAH SALT. Payson & Clarke. 1930. $2.50.

It is strange that, after "Sense and Sensuality," Miss Salt should write a book quite so devoid of moral purpose. It is strange because, after the successful development of a moral theme, one does not ordinarily expect an author to relapse at once into an essentially unmoral point of view. The characters in this book are treated as entirely at the mercy of chance, of circumstance, of accident, with no possibility of inner direction. One would like to think that this is an earlier work, and that Miss Salt will continue to write in the vein of "A Tiny Seed of Love" and "Sense and Sensuality."

Joyce Raven—"Joy Is My Name"—is an ordinary little girl whose life is an extraordinary series of unfortunate occurrences. Highly emotional and absolutely without experience, she joins a touring repertory company and has a number of affairs with men that carry her rapidly through disillusion into wantonness and promiscuity. Eventually—"she had never really got him out of her blood"—she returns to the worthless actor who first woke her to passion. And at the end of the book she is about to enter a disreputable house, principally, one gathers, because he wants her to.

It is a sordid story, and the author fills it with poignant, often quite painful, emotions. Irony there is in plenty, but pity none at all, and we are left with a feeling of depression caused by the author's high-handed treatment of her characters in a manner at once cruel and unnecessarily severe. Miss Salt forces Joyce into a tragic situation which any girl of her intelligence could have avoided, if she wished to. And if she did not wish to, then she is not the girl Miss Salt has pictured her to be, so there you are.

It is remarkable that the author has chosen to spend so much cleverness and surface brilliance on such uninteresting characters and situations. It is especially remarkable because, with her finely wrought style and the servant-girl-novel technique she uses so effectively at times, she might have written with a slight change of emphasis an exceedingly fine satire. Instead, she wrings our emotions to no apparent purpose, offering only one or two references to "sin" in explanation of her reason. Since she confronts evil only with more evil, and confuses shamelessness with innocence, we cannot take very seriously the implied religious point of view.

MISSISSIPPI. By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN. Cosmopolitan. 1929. $2.

No doubt the sense of stable proprietorship of shanty-boat peoples on the Mississippi is thoroughly outraged whenever their cockleshell apartments are unceremoniously bobbed about, earthquake fashion, in the wash of the larger steamboats. Hostilities naturally arise, and in Mr. Burman's novel this hostility leads to the shooting of the infant son of Captain Lilly of the good ship *Morning Glory*. In retaliation, Captain Lilly adopts States, the son of this shantytown murderer, planning to keep the boy ignorant of his true parentage and to turn him in time against his own people. The Captain's hatred soon develops into a deep affection for States, but when the lad uncovers the deception he promptly deserts his foster-father to live in Shantytown. Conflicts hot, heavy, and humorous rage until catastrophe reunites the two.

Mr. Burman's river lore, which gives the impression of having been collected from here, there, and everywhere, seems authentic enough, but is occasionally hashed up into somewhat untypical combinations. The friendliness of the poor whites for Nigger Sue, cooker of "Dumb Suppers" and raiser of departed spirits, is hardly characteristic. Neither heredity, nor environment, nor the manners of decent steamboaters would make the sixteen year old States Lilly sentimentalize about the river in the fashion of modern song writers. The childish, hearty Captain Lilly, with his flare for "smart-aleckness," ranging from trick World's Fair souvenirs to watch chain ornaments carved from his own rib, is much more convincing. But even though fleas, Holiness meetings, penitentiary trained "doctors," and other accoutrements of Shantytown life are at times lavished in proportions which distract from the main theme, yet the style remains throughout clear and vigorous and the total effect perhaps startling but good enough reading.

Juvenile

LITTLE BEAR CUB AND THE DRESSED-UP PIG. By LOUIS MOE. Coward-McCann. 1930.

This is a delightfully entertaining book for very young folk with its amusing and spirited illustrations recounting first the story of a little bear-cub and then the adventures of a dressed up pig who remained a pig despite adopting the vestments of men. The first tale is told entirely by means of clever pen and ink drawings while the second has in addition to them a skeleton narrative, consisting of hardly more than captions. Mr. Moe, according to the publishers, has drawn upon the child legend of his native Denmark for the content of his stories. American tots should enjoy them.

BUBBLE BOOKS. Child's Garden of Verse Bubble Book. Chimney Corner Bubble Book. Higgledy Piggledy Bubble Book. Robin and Wren Bubble Book. Stories by RALPH MAYHEW and BURGES JOHNSON. Pictures by RHODA CHASE. Dodd, Mead. 1930. 4 vols. $1 each.

These little books which weave a story around some familiar child songs and contain Columbia Phonograph Company records of them should prove most welcome to children of tender years. The narrative itself is in metrical form and accompanied by color illustrations simple enough and yet containing sufficient detail to hold the youthful fancy. They are to be followed by other volumes of similar kind from time to time.

Miscellaneous

SOUP TO NUTS. By NANCY CAREY. Macrae-Smith. 1930. $1.50.

Here is a volume which should fill a useful niche on the kitchen shelf, for it contains a well-assorted and sensibly chosen assortment of recipes. Directions are simple and concise, and the dishes described suitable for the household of moderate means. Miss Carey appends to the body of her book menus for bridge parties and informal dinners and a few for meals for those who are on a reducing diet or a diet to increase weight.

TEMPTATIONS TO RIGHTDOING. By *Ella Lyman Cabot*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

ELEMENTS OF JOURNALISM. By *Mary J. J. Wrinn*. Harpers.

(*Continued on next page*)

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EVELYN SCOTT

This volume of 78 poems by the author of "The Wave" embraces a period of ten years, the time that has elapsed since her first book of poems, "Precipitations," was written. It is divided into 4 sections, entitled, respectively, "Bright World," "Impervious Friends," "Other People," and "To Death." *Designed by LYND WARD.* $2.50

JONATHAN CAPE AND HARRISON SMITH

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Sociology

TRENDS IN AMERICAN SOCIOLOGY. Edited by GEORGE A. LUNDBERG, READ BAIN, and NELS ANDERSON. Harpers. 1929.

There has been a large amount of self-examination on the part of American sociologists of late. This book is one of the most recent, and is interesting in that it represents a group of younger men analyzing not only the contributions of their elders and predecessors, but also of their contemporaries clear down to the most immature of those who have made any significant contribution to American sociological literature up to date. The index of names in the back of the book suggests an abridged edition of the membership list of the American Sociological Society. This is another way of saying that the authors display a very commendable familiarity with American sociological literature from its beginnings to the present. It is scarcely necessary to add that their range of reading is not limited by American boundaries, but extends into various European fields whenever the context requires it.

The plan of the book consists in a summary of the work being done in various of the distinct departments of sociology, such as Social Phychology, Urban Sociology, Social Work etc. It is, indeed, quite striking to note the many ramifications into which sociology has divided itself. One cannot help wondering if, when, and how, sociology is ever going to develop into a coherent, well knit approach to the problems of human life. This volume is well named "Trends," for it is, in fact, a rather particularistic treatment of the field as a whole. It is true that there is one chapter on "Trends in American Sociological Theory," but nevertheless from the book as a whole it is difficult to derive any clear picture of what is happening or is going to happen to sociology, regarded as the correlating philosophy—or science—of human relations.

Doubtless the bricks must come before the building, and a book of this character deserves a hearty welcome for the friendly introduction it gives to a large number of men and women who are working with scholarship and industry to reduce the bewildering array of sociological phenomena to order and system, and displaying no small amount of originality and resourcefulness in their endeavors.

Travel

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER. By RICHARD HALLIBURTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $5.

Mr. Halliburton is indeed the Playboy of the Western World. Striding manfully through a field of purple prose, he leaps, not once but twice, seventy spectacular feet into the Maya Well of Death, while the cameras click to preserve a record for all time of this notable feat. And he swims the Panama Canal, the lock gates being opened for him alone while mere ships wait modestly. We disapprove of that soulless gatekeeper who has the temerity to ask him if he is worth it. What a pity Mr. Halliburton admits that he does not swim very well; otherwise doubtless he could claim his time of eight days for fifty miles as a record.

But at any rate he is the first American hurdy-gurdy man in history (subject to contradition if anyone cares). We like to contemplate the picture of Mr. Halliburton with his monkey and organ grinding out the simple strains of La Paloma and the Marseillaise all the way from Buenos Aires to Rio, and can only regret that he abandoned so admirable and profitable a career.

Having conquered his new worlds, he goes to Devil's Island, and even in this sombre setting stages an "exploit." But he beats the air, since the tale of Devil's Island has been told, once and for all, completely and devastatingly, by Blair Niles.

Authentic travellers and explorers are inclined to be exasperated by Mr. Halliburton's methods of harnessing romance to his dashing chariot. But we prefer to regard him as a natural phenomenon; like sunspots and earthquakes, interesting if of slightly obscure significance.

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC. By *John T. Faris.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

THE LAND OF THE LLAMA. *By David Macdonald.* Lippincott. $5.

BALLY-HOO. By *Blackburn Miller.* Putnam. $3.50.

SEEING GERMANY. By *E. W. Newman.* Funk & Wagnalls. $5.

THE PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC. By *John T. Faris.* Doubleday, Doran. $5 net.

BAEDEKER'S NORTHERN ITALY, INCLUDING FLORENCE. Scribner's. $6.

BAEDEKER'S ROME AND CENTRAL ITALY. Scribner's. $6.

Murder Will Out

By EUGENE REYNAL

DO not let any of my remarks about "The Body in the Safe," by Cecil Freeman Gregg (Dial), keep you from reading it, for you will have to go far to find a better mystery. The Coomble jewels are guarded in a safe by two Scotland Yard detectives who are relieved at ten on the evening of the robbery by two private detectives from the Insurance Company. The next morning the jewels are gone, the butler with a knife in his heart is found in the safe, one guard is drugged and the other knocked unconscious. The guards are framed (not by the police) and convicted, but just before the execution of Goode, the supposed murderer, Inspector Dryan finds new evidence and both men are released. So much for the situation—if I tell you more I will spoil the story which depends for its interest and excitement upon extremely ingenious reversals of conclusions from the evidence given. The story, as I am sure it was originally conceived, stops artistically on page 199. The author then passes up the logical reversal which would have preserved the unity of his tale, and from there on it changes from a first rate detective story, into an exciting, if somewhat bewildering, story of adventure.

The attentive reader should be in somewhat the position of a coursing greyhound throughout—he should be able to score points at each turn of the narrative without expecting to capture his quarry until the end. The novel is well written and well reasoned. It sets some clever problems and you will enjoy your attempts to unravel them.

Read "While the Patient Slept," (Crime Club), if you are not troubled with insomnia; it has all the ingredients of a first rate thriller. Frederic House, with its somber ruggedness on an almost deserted road, with its mysterious turrets, its darkened draperies, its heavily carpeted floors, and its sinister occupants, is an almost perfect setting for a mystery story. Mignon Eberhart, the author, has managed to invest it with all its eeriness and succeeds in presenting such a wealth of evidence against each of her characters that it is a wary reader indeed who can ferret out the criminal. The head of the house lies in a coma concealing some information which every member of the household is trying to get. At the dead of night Uncle Adolph is shot on the stairs and from then on you are carried breathlessly through a series of episodes in which you are all but convinced that you might have committed the murder yourself. Apparently everyone has a motive and no one has an alibi. You can only guess at the murderer and if your guess is good it will be from lack of evidence presented rather than on account of it. Why Uncle Adolph was shot and not trampled to death by the people who passed up and down the tower stairs that night will remain a mystery to me, but an elastic imagination is not amiss in reading or in writing a detective story. "While the Patient Slept" won the $5000 Scotland Yard Prize and is certainly near the top of recent mystery stories.

"Death of My Aunt," by C. H. B. Kitchin (Harcourt, Brace), is well written but does not unduly try your powers in detecting the criminals. The evidence is fairly simple and is mostly collected by an amateur who is himself under suspicion for the crime. Poison is given in a bottle of "Le Secret de Venue," and although the only way you could guess the criminal is by looking in the back of the book, the story is amusing enough to be worth reading.

Among the other mysteries that I should particularly recommend to your attention is "Ra-Ta-Plan," an original murder story of sophisticated people marooned in a storm off the coast of Georgia, by Dorothy Ogburn. If you have never read "Trent's Last Case," by R. C. Bentley, be sure not to miss it in the new edition published by Knopf—it is one of the "classics." "The Avenging Parrot," by Anne Austin (Greenberg), is a bright and well-written story, the clue to the murderer being hidden in the cryptic screechings of a parrot. The latest adventures of Fleming Stone are told in Carolyn Wells's carefully constructed novel, "The Doomed Five" (Lippincott). There is hardly enough of the doughty detective in the book for my taste, but the crimes are unusual and the story is interesting. "The Mystery Maker," by Austin J. Small (Crime Club), is a corking good story with a prison escape that won me immediately.

Apropos of H. W. Mencken's recent visit to England, the Manchester Guardian remarks: "One was alarmed to see at moments signs of softening and even pleasure breaking through his admonitory visage. He must not weaken."

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

L. B. J., Walla Walla, Wash., asks for books on the history of literary criticism and on esthetics, for one who has not previously studied the subject.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S great work, "A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe" (Dodd, Mead) is a classic, scholarly, comprehensive—extending from early Greek times to the close of the nineteenth century—and to one interested at all in the subject, thoroughly readable. If the student wishes to pay especial attention to literary criticism in this country, there is a quite recently published survey, "American Criticism," by Norman Foerster (Houghton Mifflin), which makes a study of literary theory from Poe to the present, and a symposium, "Criticism in America, Its Function and Status," published by Harcourt in 1924, in which nine eminent American critics, in as many essays written between 1910 and 1923, discuss the subject in all its aspects.

Eugen Neuhaus's "The Appreciation of Art" (Ginn) is a statement of principles that makes an excellent beginning for study of the history of art or for a course of reading on esthetics. Bernard Bosanquet's "History of Æsthetics" (Macmillan) will take a student a long way on such a course of reading, by giving him a clear idea of what European esthetic systems have been in various periods. It would be scarcely legal to print a list of this sort, however brief, and leave out Benedetto Croce; his "Æsthetic as Science of Expression and General Linguistic" is published by Macmillan in one stately volume. One of the "World's Manuals," a series of useful little books for home study published by the Oxford University Press. is R. G. Collingwood's "Outlines of a Philosophy of Art," a stimulating work which includes an outline of the principles of Croce. Another valuable little book, Violet Paget's "The Beautiful" (Macmillan), is for one who has not yet studied psychology, and there is George Santayana's "The Sense of Beauty" (Scribner) for those who savor exquisite English. The latest book on the subject to appear here is "Æsthetic Judgment," by D. W. Prall of the University of California, lately published by Crowell. It was prepared for students; partly it is a survey, partly original contributions to the theory of esthetic. Its distinctive value to me is that it draws its illustrations as often from the art of to-day as from that of the past—its pictures show Cézanne, Norman Bel Geddes, Roi Partridge's etchings, Epstein's sculpture, and the Chicago *Tribune* tower, as well as a colored reproduction of a page from the Book of Kells—and considers the combined (some might say the mongrel) arts of the theatre, the dance and the opera.

M. R. R., New York, says "Certain writers, particularly poets, write melodiously. Behind this smooth singableness lies of course the pattern of the sounds. Approaching the pattern from the other way about, we can try all the combinations of vowels with consonants and combinations of consonants to find those smoothest to the tongue and most grateful to the ear. To arrive at a reasoned pattern for mellifluousness it would seem that both procedures are necessary. What poets or other writers are noted for the singing quality of their words?

FRIENDS of this department may recall that a few years since I enjoyed some weeks' rest at an amiable hospital at the comparatively slight cost of breaking my arm. Supper came early at this establishment, evenings were long, and the light was too high for reading: I fell into the habit not unknown to sleep-fighters of amusing myself by recalling poetry—not deliberately, but letting it drift back as it would into consciousness. It was astonishing to find how much poetry I did recall: some came back in chunks, some in lines and phrases. I have a musical ear and a poor memory for verbal detail, being one of those who dredge up the words of a song by humming the tune and letting it catch the floating words. All this autobiography leads to the fact that all the poets whose works I thus remembered were strong in melody.

I recalled any amount of Keats and Shelley, and that without having deliberately committed any to memory. Milton's "Lycidas" came through almost word for word, not a little Ben Jonson, a great deal of Herrick, two poems of Lovelace—a grateful world knows which two—and several by Poe. Tennyson and Longfellow came back in quite embarrassing richness, for I seldom knew just what to do with them when they did. With Masefield, however, I knew just what to do, whether it were the three-line-stanza songs introduced in "Pompey," or snatches of long poems, "Biography" or "Dauber," or so much more that I think I owed him most among the moderns. Much of Chesterton's "Lepanto" came back, and a good part of W. R. Benét's "Merchants of Cathay," line after line of Ralph Hodgson, and verse after verse of Walter de la Mare. Edna Millay, William Vaughn Moody, Sara Teasdale, and Vachel Lindsay had stayed by me.

If this pragmatic test has any value, these poets passed it in my case. The one who passed with the highest mark was King David, with the assistance of the gentlemen who put him into English. I had no idea I knew so many Psalms. Free verse in general I cannot bring back, save long lines of Whitman and Verhaeren—the latter in French, of course. If this inquiry is to be conducted with any thoroughness it must of course get into French poetry, where it has been already taken up in a serious way. In Spanish, words are so lovely to the ear and rhyme with such ease that I should think a Spanish typewriter left to itself in the moonlight would produce a serenade. And as verbal music if anything can beat the sound of the *Dies Irae*, or of half a dozen other Latin hymns, I have never heard it.

For certain prose writers I cherish a similar gratitude, though it comes back as a sense of gratitude only, not in the form of words remembered. I am grateful to Masefield again, for the sense of sheer satisfaction in having read such sentences as there are in "The Tragedy of Nan"; to John Milton for the one about "mewing her mighty youth": to Joseph Conrad; to Padraic Colum for having started countless children on a love of good English by his singing prose in books like "The Children's Homer"; to James Stephens for "Deirdre"; to George Moore—indeed, to almost any Irishman writing in the English language and to several whose works A. E. read out to me in the Gaelic (with which I am completely unacquainted) as set forth in one chapter of my "Books as Windows." Come to think of it, that chapter deals with this very subject. The Union Square Book Shop of this city just sent me an unusually exciting catalogue of autograph letters now being offered for sale: one, by Oscar Wilde to Mrs. Hawkson, speaks of "Your own sweet bright singing—so Celtic in its careless joy, its informal windlike music, and its pathos of things I delight in: the pathos of us who are Celts comes from our quickened sense of the beauty of life: the pathos of the English in their sense of life's ugliness: so at least it seems to me." This will cost you $82.75 to own, by the way, but you will have to pay $115 for an "astonishing aggressive letter," by Louisa M. Alcott, in immaculate condition.

Among the novels of this season I find music that charms me in "The Trader's Wife," by Jean Cameron Mackenzie and "The Man Who Lost Himself," by Osbert Sitwell (both published by Coward-McCann). In the former, which reminds one of Conrad not because it imitates him but because it springs from the same sort of understanding of human strength and weakness, a woman's tragic awakening is the climax of a swift-moving story. In the latter, a story unfolding deliberately brings one at last to a spiritual catastrophe. They have in common but one feature: in each case forboding is in the air from the first, though one can scarcely recall the statements in which it is definitely expressed. The solemn music sounds long before the procession starts; by the sound of the words one can tell that something beyond ordinary experience is impending. I am glad that this question gave me a chance to speak of these two books: they will not appeal to the Great Public and should be for that very reason made known to every one of the elect group for whom they are written.

At this point I suspended operations to take in Thornton Wilder's "The Woman of Andros" (Boni), and found the third novel of my season's musical list. The only trouble with it for this discussion is that one longs to keep quoting it, one paragraph after another; nothing one can say about it is so convincing as to quote it.

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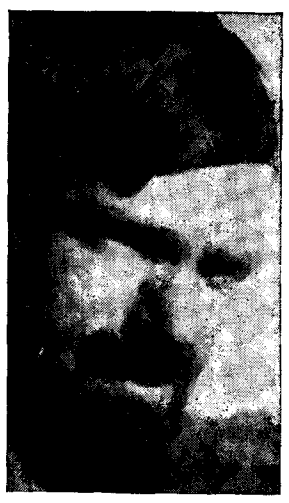

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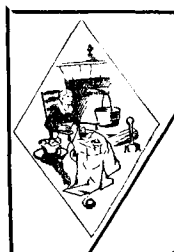

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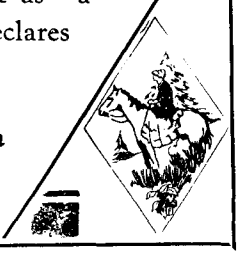

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The Vollbehr Collection

By E. PAUL SAUNDERS

THERE is now pending before Congress a bill (H.R.6147), introduced by Representative Collins of Mississippi, which would appropriate $1,500,000 to purchase the Otto H. F. Vollbehr collection of 3,000 incunabula or "cradle books"—so called because printed in the infancy of the "art preservative of arts." Under terms of this bill the collection would be acquired for the Nation and "be deposited in the Library of Congress and remain a part thereof, to be known as the Herbert Putnam collection of incunabula."

Congress should pass H. R. 6147 without dissenting vote, because among other rare works the Vollbehr group contains some 200 volumes which, being unique, could not be duplicated at any price. Foremost among them is the faultless copy of the three-volume Gutenberg Bible, printed upon vellum. Only three perfect vellum-printed copies of this masterpiece of masterpieces of typography are known to exist. The British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale own one each, but they are both two-volume copies. Hence, the Vollbehr three-volume copy, is verily *sui generis*, is in a class by itself, is rightly described as "the choicest book of Christendom." The fact that the collection includes one of the only three copies of the incomparable Gutenberg Bible—two of them, at that, in national libraries and therefore beyond reach of mere gold—and the prospect that these 3,000 rare volumes may go to our National Library, has already quickened the pulse of millions of historians, bibliographers, bookmen, librarians, typographers, bookbinders, antiquarians, philologists, art students, geologists, physicians, philosophers, lawyers, scientists, churchmen, anti-churchmen, book lovers, the literati, students, and citizens in general throughout the United States.

Congress should pass H. R. 6147 without dissenting vote, because this, the world's outstanding collection of incunabula in private hands, represents a cross section of the thought and culture of the people of the fifteenth century—the Renaissance, the period contemporaneous with the beginning of the Reformation, and with the discovery of America. Twenty volumes concern the great triumph of Columbus, out of a known total of thirty-two. These include such extremely rare items as the "Historia Baetica," printed at Basel in 1494 and containing the Admiral's "discovery letter" of 1493, with woodcuts illustrating his first voyage; Sebastian Brant's "Ship of Fools"; "De Patientia," by Baptista Mantuanus, and works by Coccius and Corvinus.

Congress should pass H. R. 6147 without dissenting vote because, centrally located in the Library of Congress, the "Herbert Putnam collection of incunabula" would be accessible to all scholars and types of students, who would no longer have to turn to foreign countries for most of their basic studies. The books have a value not as museum pieces alone, but also as furnishing material not otherwise at hand for historical, literary, and technical research. They constitute a mine of source material that cannot help but be of infinite value to American scholarship. It is no secret that about half the statements made in modern books are in error since our writers generally do not go to original sources for the facts upon which they base deductions and statements. This is, of course, not always their fault. Not everyone engaged in research work is privileged to pursue his or her investigations abroad. And that our Library of Congress does not have even a paper-printed copy of the Gutenberg Bible is no serious reflection upon us up to this time. Only seven of the forty-one known paper copies have been brought to the United States within the past thirty years, and these have either been acquird by rich private collectors, or been shelved in richly-endowed university libraries.

Congress should pass H. R. 6147 without dissenting vote, because in the collection are 424 first editions and 300 early classics; because 450 of the 3,000 volumes are not mentioned in the standard bibliography of Hain; because 100 were printed between 1455 and 1470; because another 100 have not been described in any catalogue; and because the collection (it contains works on religion, astronomy, medicine, natural science, law, geography, cosmography, chess, cookery, history, matrimony, philosophy, customs, travel, bibliomania, temperance, military and naval science, etc., etc., printed in English or Latin, in Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, Chinese, Slavonic, German, or Spanish), is twice as large as any single American collection, except the Huntington, and equal in number to one-third of all the incunabula listed in the American census of 1919. Nearly forty per cent of its titles are apparently not represented in America by a single copy.

Congress should pass H. R. 6147 without dissenting vote as a matter of downright conscience, a making up for past stinginess and shortsightedness towards, and neglect of, our National Library. Its haggling over acquisition of the famous Jefferson library, and of Washington's public and private papers; and its failure to purchase the library of George Washington (bought in 1844 by Stevens, of London, but afterwards purchased by seventy patriotic citizens of Boston, Cambridge, and Salem for the Boston Atheneum), the original manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address (sold to the Lenox Library in New York for $2,300 on the same day, in 1850, that Congress finally—but too late—agreed to appropriate $1,000 for its acquisition), the Hartley papers, rich in American history (turned down by Congress, but quickly purchased for the Leiter Library, a private collection in Washington, in 1860), and the famous library of George Bancroft, consisting of 14,606 books, 486 volumes of manuscripts, and 4,648 pamphlets, all bearing on American history and the Revolution (turned down by Congress, but gobbled up by the Lenox Library), are all shining examples of a most serious lack of foresight.

Congress has, however, from time to time purchased private collections, the largest being the historical library of Peter Force, also rich in American history and the Revolution. If, as claimed, such purchases are to its everlasting credit, passage of H. R. 6147 by Congress would likewise be creditable. Incidentally, it would be to its credit if it should take immediate steps to acquire for our National Library the sixty-two volumes of 20,000 records of the Headquarters Papers of the British Army in America, covering the entire period of the American Revolution and giving a day to day account of that struggle, purchased sometime ago from the Royal Institution of Great Britain by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, who now has them in his vault in New York. If Congress does not acquire these historical papers for the Library of Congress, it will be some consolation to know that they are sure to go, in their entirety, to some wealthy collector, or city or university library, and remain, in any case, in this country. But here again is opportunity further to centralize our intellectual and historical wealth and heritage.

Congress should pass H. R. 6147 without dissenting vote, because some time ago Dr. Vollbehr valued his collection at $3,000,000, with other qualified experts boosting the figure by as much as $2,000,000 in their appraisals. Yet it is not a question of mere money, but one of rarity and intrisic importance of the individual volumes, and the fact that the collection could not be duplicated now or at any time in the future for any amount of money. It would be a reproach to our scholarship and culture not to take advantage of this opportunity, made possible through the unselfishness of Dr. Vollbehr who has at all times expressed a hope that the collection be kept together, and might find a permanent home within the convenient reach of great scholars and the merely curious. He has demonstrated his sincerity by refusing to sell the books, individually, at auction at prices which

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would total anywhere from two to five million.

Congress should pass H. R. 6147 without dissenting vote as a matter of national pride —pride in that, added to what we already have in the way of rare books (about 30,000 items, including about 1,600 incunabula, first editions, rare bindings, and some 10,000 early American pamphlets, manuscripts, and documents), acquisition of the Vollbehr collection would place the Library of Congress on an unquestionable parity with the national libraries of Europe, including particularly the famous British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale, at present the two leading libraries of the world.

Let us have parity in scholarship as well as in ships, in culture as well as cruisers, in books as in battleships!

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. March 15—Books and Pamphlets relating to the United States. Among the more important books are: nine volumes of "Acts passed [by] the General Assembly of . . . Alabama," 1829-1844; Nathanael Appleton's "Gospel Ministers must be fit for the Master's use," Edinburgh, 1736; Charles Beatty's "Journal of a two months' Tour," London, 1768; E. Burroughs's "A Declaration of the sad and great Persecution," London (1660); A. B. Clarke's "Travels in Mexico and California," Boston, 1852; R. David's "The Hypocritical Fast," Norwich, England, 1781; John Dickinson's "The Declaration . . . setting forth the causes and necessity of taking up Arms," London, 1775; Nathaniel Ellis's "The Wise Ruler a loyal Subject," New London, Timothy Green, 1743; Estwick Evans's "Pedestrious Tour . . . through the Western States," Concord, 1819; "Original Hymns, in the Ioway Language," Indian Territory, 1843; "Spelling Book written in the Chahta Language," Cincinnati, 1825; Washington Irving's "Life of George Washington," the original subscription edition, in green paper wrappers, 68 parts, New York, 1857-60; Baron de Lahontan's "New Voyages to North America," London, 1703; William Fisher "An Interesting Account of the voyages and travels of Captains Lewis and Clark," Philadelphia, 1812; John Long's "Voyages and travels of an Indian Interpreter," London, 1791; several tracts dealing with Mormons, including the "General Epistle from the Council of the Twelve Apostles" "written at Winter Quarters, Omaha Nation and signed December 23, 1847"; "New England Primer," Suffield, 1803; William Penn "The Man of Honour," no place, no date; Thomas Ruggles "The Usefulness and Expedience of Souldiers," New London, 1737; Samuel Sewall's "Phænomena quædam Apocalyptica," second edition, Boston, 1727; and Phillis Wheatley's "Poems on various subjects," Philadelphia, 1787.

Sotheby and Company, London. March 17-20 inclusive: Printed Books, Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, and Historical Documents, from the Libraries of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, the Reverend Prebendary W. G. Clark-Maxwell, the Reverend H. L. Puxley, and others. This catalogue, arranged, conveniently for the benefit of the auctioneers, by owners of the various properties, displays the usual Sotheby disregard for the alphabet. There is, in this case, a short index to a few of the more interesting items, but it scarcely takes care of the 854 lots included in the sale. There are: Richard Hord's "Black Fryers," London, 1625; Thomas Lupset's "Exhortation to yonge men," London, 1538; a Greek musical manuscript on paper, with Byzantine musical notation, of the XII-XIV centuries; William Wood's "New Englands Prospect," London, 1635; Barnabe Rich's "Farewell to militarie profession," London, 1583; Pierre Mathieu's "History of Lewis the Eleventh," translated by Edward Grimeston, London, 1614; three copies of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre"; several Byrons; signed presentation copies of Thomas Hardy's "Hand of Ethelberta," London, 1876, and "A Pair of Blue Eyes," 1895; A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," 1896; Anthony Trollope's "The Claverings," 1867, "On English Prose Fiction as a rational Amusement," "The Eustace Diamonds," 1873; two copies of Charles Read's "Cloister and the Hearth," 1861; Adam Smith's "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations," 1776; Thomas Paine's "Dialogue between the Ghost of General Montgomery and an American Delegate," Philadelphia, R. Bell, 1776; the copy of his "Notes on the State of Virginia," 1782, presented by Thomas Jefferson to the Marquis de Lafayette, with a long autograph inscription in the former's handwriting; several copies of Laurence Sterne's books; Abraham Cowley's "A Vision concerning his late Pretended Highnesse Cromwell, the Wicked," 1661; John Ferriar's "Illustrations of Sterne," Manchester, 1793; several original drawings by Hablot K. Browne; and the customary Dickens, Galsworthy, Kipling, and Goldsmith volumes. The manuscripts include letters from Queen Elizabeth, Admiral Nelson, George Washington, Lord Clive, Admiral Lord Rodney, Dr. Johnson, James Boswell, Sir Richard Steele, Schiller, Robert Burns, Fanny Burney, Sir Walter Scott, S. T. Coleridge, Thomas Hardy, Byron, and an entire series from Dickens to Henry Horley.

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EDWARD DAHLBERG
Author of BOTTOM DOGS

On a buoyant and glowing day last summer, when the air was strident with paper profits and the sancta sanctorum of Publishers' Row and Wall Street were literally bulging with best-sellers . . . when the frenzy of the New Era was at its most hysterical level . . . when America seemed uncontrollably giddy with success . . . on such a day *The Inner Sanctum* received a gray and dismal-looking "human document."

Outward appearances never militate against a manuscript in a well-regulated editorial office. Here the least-promising "item" receives earnest and open-minded consideration, whether it comes with regal fanfare from the seats of the mighty, or unheralded from the dank subterranean strata of the despised and the rejected.

On this particular day, by a perverse counter-attraction to the sanguine mood that surcharged the entire atmosphere, this drab offering instantly seared its way into this reader's mind, for in the first few paragraphs of the introduction, he beheld with startled awareness these utterly devastating words:

When we think of America, and of her huge success, we never realize how many failures have gone, and still go to build up that success. It is not till you live in America, and go a little under the surface, that you begin to see how terrible and brutal is the mass of failure that nourishes the roots of the gigantic tree of dollars. . . .

The real pioneer in America fought like hell and suffered till the soul was ground out of him: and then, nine times out of ten, failed, was beaten. That is why pioneer literature, which, even from the glimpses one has of it, contains the amazing Odyssey of the brute fight with savage conditions of the western continent, hardly exists, and is absolutely unpopular.

Americans will not stand for the pioneer stuff, except in small, sentimentalized doses. They know too well the grimness of it, the savage fight and the savage failure which broke the back of the country but also broke something in the human soul.

The spirit and the will survived: but something in the soul perished: the softness, the floweriness, the natural tenderness. How could it survive the sheer brutality of the fight with that American wilderness, which is so big, vast, and obdurate.

Thus spake D. H. LAWRENCE in his memorable and already famous introduction to a first novel called *Bottom Dogs* by EDWARD DAHLBERG. . . . Within a few weeks the story had been reported on by five editors and readers, and accepted for publication.

As these words are written, comes word of the death of D. H. LAWRENCE . . .

Today *Bottom Dogs* is on sale at bookstores all over America and England, bearing salutes from *The London Times*, ARNOLD BENNETT, E. M. FORSTER, *The Nation and Athenaeum*, and WILLIAM BOLITHO, who last Thursday devoted to it an ardent and soul-stirring column in *The World*.

"That directness, that unsentimentalized and non-dramatized thoroughness of setting down the under-dog mind surpasses anything I know," said D. H. LAWRENCE, and ARNOLD BENNETT adds: "It is a true book, one of the truest that I remember. It takes you by the scruff of the neck and it violently forces you to see, and to see afresh."

EDWARD DAHLBERG was born in a charity maternity hospital in Boston, raised in a Catholic orphanage, and destined to spend his youth a "bottom-dog" journeyman and vagabond. He has been messenger-boy, cattle-drover, dishwasher, and betimes a student of literature and philosophy in New York and California. *Bottom Dogs* was begun, strangely enough, in Monte Carlo, and it will be a curious gamble to see how America of 1930 will respond to so unvarnished a portrait of phenomena usually overlooked, even by honest realists of the most naturalistic school.

—ESSANDESS.

THAT'S the way life is. Just one disappointment after another. Here's the *Phœnician* who promised us weekly bulletins, and you all sorts of spicy gossip, blasting our hopes by sending us nary a paragraph. And London is just seething with rumors that he might have reported. Aren't they saying over there that the *"George Preedy"* who wrote General Crack," which Dodd, Mead published a year ago and which has been successful as a movie as well as a novel, is not a man at all but a woman? *Marjorie Bowen*, the critics think the gentleman to be. And the author of that war book we were talking of the other day which Putnam's is shortly to issue, "Her Privates We,"—well, the astute members of the reviewing craft are beginning to insinuate that he can be no other than *Siegfried Sassoon*. Sassoon, as you will remember, proved to be the author of the anonymously issued "The Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man." At any rate, *Colonel T. E. Lawrence* is said to know the identity of *Private* 19022. Set a mystery man to catch a mystery man, it would appear. . . .

Parrots seem to have entered into literature of late. There's that book called "The Avenging Parrot," by *Anne Austin*, which has recently come from the press of Greenberg. And there's "Ex-Wife," which, as is pretty generally known, was written by *Ursula Parrott*. And there's the London *Observer* making investigations into literary history apropos of the spread of "psittacocis," and stating that the parrot was a familiar figure in English literature as early as the sixteenth century when Skelton made repeated reference to him. *Pope* and *Burton* mentioned him, and *Shakespeare* brought him into eight of his plays. Alas! poor Poll, what will become of you now with governmental authorities arrayed against you? . . .

Careful! "A chiel's amang ye taking notes." If you happen to meet *Carl Van Vechten* at a cocktail tea, or a dinner, or supper, watch your manners and your conversation. For Mr. Van Vechten is writing a novel to be entitled "Parties," and for all you know you may be serving as copy for it. "Be good, fair maid, and let who will be clever." . . .

A book that pleases us is the latest issue in the Modern Masters of Etching series. It contains reproductions of *Arthur Briscoe's* spirited renderings of ships and the sea. Briscoe has had an adventurous experience to lend understanding to his etchings, and he has conveyed with faithfulness as well as animation many a scene and hazard of his own sailing days. William Edwin Rudge issues the book and it is one to covet. . . .

Ladies in the rural districts, take notice. The American Library Association has published the first issue of a new quarterly, *Subscription Books Bulletin*, in which is to be set forth information as to the value of the reference books and sets which canvassers are wont to present from door to door. When the gravel crunches beneath the footsteps of a particularly neatly attired young man, take out from the drawer your copy of the *Bulletin*, and then by the time that he has his foot wedged between the door and the wall, you can cite him chapter and verse for your decision in regard to his wares. We Americans may become discriminating readers yet. You never can tell. . . .

Fourteen million Bibles and Testaments were sold in the United States last year, according to the statistics of the American Bible Society and leading Bible publishers. The estimated total for 1929 purchases for the world is 36,500,000. All estimates for next year will be exclusive of Russia, we suppose, since if news reports from the Soviet Republic are to be believed religion and all its works are anathema there. Perhaps the day may come when some as yet unborn Russian child, reading the Bible for the first time far from home, will exclaim, as did the little girl seeing her first performance of "Hamlet," "It's all quotations!" In the meantime the Bible is still the world's best-selling book. . . .

But we are frivolous, and we waste space on idle speculation. Instead of telling you about the Bolshevist drive on religion we ought to be saying that *Trotzky's* autobiography is shortly to be issued. It's a lengthy chronicle, packed full of interesting material, of which the opening chapters are devoted to a vivid portrayal of childhood in a Russian Jewish family. Trotzky's parents, though people of exceedingly modest means, managed to invest the youth of their children with glamour, and the record of small family happenings, short journeyings, and school experience, as set forth by one who in later life was to play a prominent part in one of the most gigantic convulsions of history, is quite fascinating. The book is to be issued by Scribners' sometime in May, we believe. . . .

Talking of children reminds us that Miss *Bertha E. Mahony* of the Bookshop for Boys and Girls in Boston (and a model of a bookshop of the kind it is) informs us that the Junior Leagues of New England and Montreal, together with her bookshop and the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, offer a prize of $500 for a distinguished play for children. Children themselves may not compete. Manuscripts must be in by January 1, 1931. The Prize Winning Play will be produced by the Junior League of Boston in the Spring of 1931. It must have imaginative quality and picturesque setting; it must be practical to produce indoors, and possible for outdoor production; it must provide opportunity for singing and dancing, and it must have not less than ten parts, and not exceed an hour and a half actual playing. Now, if you don't win the prize, it's not our fault. We've given you the necessary instructions. . . .

If you're really clever you can win not only $500 but $5000 to boot. How? Simply by writing in addition to the best play for children the best story between 15,000 and 35,000 words in length, submitted to *Scribner's Magazine* before September 20, 1930. The contest is open to all American writers. Come on, ye scriveners, here's the chance you've been spoiling for. And what are the odds on *Wilbur Daniel Steele* for winner? . . .

There's mystery afoot. Mr. R. Critchell Rimington is in the midst of preparing for a publisher whose name he cannot divulge, a book to be known as "One Hundred Title-pages of 1929." He's anxious to have any concerned—publishers, printers, designers, etc., send him proofs of what they believe to be specially good pages, and when sending them inform him whether plates or type are still standing. Mr. Rimington's address is 1 West 67th Street, New York City, the same as that of the Foundry Press which we shamefully allowed to appear in a review of "Born in a Beer Garden" in our issue of last week as Foundy Press. . . .

Title pages suggest to us colophons, and that reminds us that *Mary Caperton*, who came over from Boston the other day to bring the greetings of Little, Brown to New York editors, sent us the following story apropos of "All Quiet."

"Somebody," Miss Caperton says, "wrote the other day that she was collecting publishers' colophons, and seeing the one in the front of 'All Quiet' was considerably baffled by what appeared to be Bonos hebeas non refert quam multo sed ovam, which she translated first, 'You have good things how many but an egg it is of no consequence.' She said this didn't seem to make sense, although she tried it several ways: 'you have good things . . . (how many but an egg)—it is of no consequence' or 'You have good things! How many but an egg? It is of no consequence.' Then she tried changing the order: 'The good things you have are of no consequence. . . .' 'How many but an egg?' She said this seemed to have a sort of Biblical connotation. She had a vague impression, too, that Diogenes had said something like that from his tub. The egg reference might be a quotation from some old proverb such as 'as full of meat as an,' etc., or 'which comes first, the hen or the?' etc.

I'm afraid we replied rather coldly that she had mistaken q for o, and in addition to that had got the order wrong. The proper rendering of the thing was 'non refert quam multos sed quam bonos hebeas,' 'it matters not how many things you have, but how good they are.' '*Things*,' we said, 'here refers to books.'" . . .

And now again the eternal riddle confronts us. Will these columns be filled next week by the Phœnician, or will you still have to put up with

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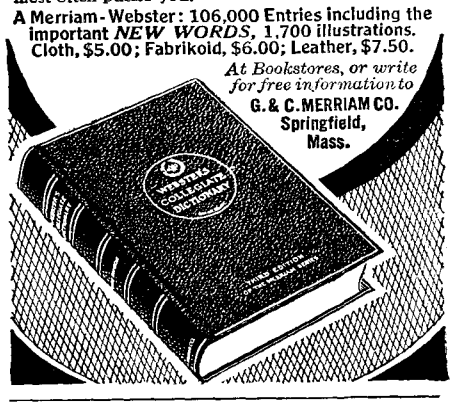

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Points of View

"Almost Anybody"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Although often amused and often distressed by the superciliousness of your attitude toward books for children, for long I have held my peace. But a recent pronouncement is so far off key, either so crassly ignorant or so cock-eyed, that I must again beg space for respectful protest.

In your issue of December 21st an anonymous reviewer says of Mrs. Robinson's "Blue Ribbon Stories": "We are still going largely on the assumption that almost anybody can write for young people." It would be easy to dare that toplofty person to try it; it would be easy to point out the possibility that he or she has already done so, and without success, now proves the minute exception to her or his own sweeping rule. Both ventures would be beside the point. What I should like to persuade you to believe is that statements of the quoted sort cannot possibly do any good and may do serious harm. For the leading literary journal of a country deliberately to antagonize any class of writers is dangerous for the writers, for the country, and for the journal. I would not have you lenient with slipshod work, or with the commercializing of art or craft. I ask only for truth and—if the truth taste bitter—for tact. My experience leads me to believe that the quoted statement is not true. And, of course, it is insulting.

Since rates of payment among juvenile magazines are not munificent, production must be high if a contributor is to make a living. That has caused some bad work. A few juvenile editors are, even now, more willing merely to excite a boy than to inspire him; that has caused more. In general, juvenile literature everywhere owns to a loathsome heritage: we forget "Men of Iron," "Stalky & Co.," "Treasure Island," "Alice in Wonderland," "Tom Sawyer," in the flood of our childhood Rollos and Susies and Deadeye Dicks; small wonder, therefore, if the pull-up is slow and uneven.

Yet its existence no one but an ignoramus or a man (or a woman) with a grudge can deny. Three juvenile magazines are now paying at a rate that places them level, in that respect, with our literary monthlies for adults; and that is a rate (if you will pardon me, Sir) considerably above your own. These men may be failing, but clearly they are trying to get work not by almost anybody. During 1928 three book publishers of high standing offered, in conjunction with juvenile magazines, very substantial prizes for manuscripts for children; and the recent establishment of three children's book clubs makes the choice of a book by any one of them equivalent to a prize. The circulation of juveniles is becoming enormous; the recent merger of two clubs constituted an audience of half a million and drew space in a leading news magazine whose pride is significant; a single group of Sunday-school papers in the Middle West, which no reviewer in his or her senses would mention without a fashionable sneer or a fashionable shudder, go out to two million children. Illustrations, book jackets, and end-papers are a far cry from the monstrosities (barring a few exceptions) that we knew and loved as children.

But—you have a right to say—here is no refutation of our critic's finding. These considerations are largely commercial. Doesn't the fact that prices are rising, circulations on the increase, show the very situation our critic implied: that juvenile editors are desperate for writing that is writing, not blood and thunder or pap?

I admit that refutation, if any, lies in the stories themselves. I admit that many children's stories—and you, I think, will not deny the truth of this applied to any present group—are poor. I hold no special brief for Mrs. Robinson's anthology; its reception hardly affects me, for the right she asked to reprint two of my stories was granted without hope of payment. But this business of young people's stories is my business. I went into it with my eyes open, I have suffered with and delighted in it, and I want to see justice done. It would be only the part of justice for you or any competent critic on your staff dispassionately to compare this collection with any one of a dozen current adult anthologies (I do not except the O. Henry Memorial Award volume), and then, with relative motives, editorial restrictions, and limited reader-intelligences considered, to state candidly whether, in fidelity to life, flexibility and effectiveness of style, interest, or any canons you may conceive, the book in question actually deserves so contemptuous a notice.

Of course, I do not expect you to do this. It would be enough, I think, if any critic in your pages ever reviewed a book for young readers by any leader in the field—I mean Ralph Henry Barbour, Russell Carter, Elsie Singmaster, Hubert Evans, John A. Moroso, Franklin Reck, Augusta Huiell Seaman, Samuel Scoville, Jr., Clarice Detzer, Constance Skinner, William Heyliger, Achmed Abdullah, Laurie Erskine, Albert W. Tolman, Ellis Parker Butler, Clarence B. Kelland, John Fleming Wilson, or Charles J. Finger—with even *half* an eye on what it meant to do and be. Maybe that day will come. If and when, Sir, believe me devotedly,

ALMOST ANYBODY.

Newtonville, Mass.

Not a New Writer

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

On page 695 of *The Saturday Review* for February 1st, 1930 appears an unsigned review of L. A. G. Strong's last book, "Dewer Rides."

I thought it strange that the reviewer's name was not given in this one instance on this page and then when I read that this was "an ample novel of Dartmoor life by a *new* author" I was incensed. After publishing "Dublin Days" in 1923—and several volumes of verse since, I believe—how can he be called a new author? Who does not remember some of the joyous verse of this volume? "The Brewer's Man" and "Lament" and above all, "A Memory":

When I was as high as that,
I saw a poet in his hat.
I think the poet must have smiled
At such a solemn gazing child.

Now wasn't it a funny thing
To get a sight of J. M. Synge,
And notice nothing but his hat?
Yet life is often queer like that.

I believe there are a few others like myself who read everything they can get their hands on of Mr. Strong's and who are "solemn gazing" children *at* him.

H. G. MONTILLON

Buffalo.

H. G. Wells Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I am writing an account of the life and activities, literary and other, of Mr. H. G. Wells. It will appear this year in America and Europe. In the effort to make it biographically accurate and detailed, I am basing it very largely upon original sources, and I want to appeal to those who can lend me for quotation or other use relevant reminiscences, impressions, or letters (or transcripts of letters), especially any referring to Mr. Wells's earlier years or to a specific activity. Original letters (or transcripts to be returned) will be treated most carefully, handled only by myself, and returned without delay by registered post. Matter may be sent direct to me at Acacia, Dane Bridge Lane, Much Hadham, Herts., England, or care of my publishers, Messrs. W. W. Norton Co., Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Mr. Wells of course knows of and has approved this appeal.

GEOFFREY WEST.

Much Hadham, Eng.

Bare Fact

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Interest in fair play moves me to comment on certain of Mrs. Mary Austin's remarks in her notice of Stith Thompson's "Tales of the North American Indians" (*Saturday Review* for December 28, 1929). The aim of the book is to assist "the general reader who seeks without undue expenditure of time to acquaint himself with American Indian tales." By this, of course, Mr. Thompson means "American Indian tales as told by the American Indians." Somewhat surprisingly, Mrs. Austin feels that the lack of creative literary intelligence "renders much of the labor of the collection inoperative." Contemplation of the possible processes of thought behind this statement leads to the inference that Mrs. Austin is looking in Mr. Thompson's book for things which do not belong there. It would be just as reasonable to demand a display of "creative literary intelligence" here as it would be to expect a writer on ornithology to use the technique of Maeterlinck in "The Blue Bird." The student of the popular tale must regard his material in much the same way that a scientist regards a specimen. A specimen which had been tampered with—say, by a taxidermist, in an effort to obtain a high price—would be of little use to the scientist. Similarly, a tale upon which "creative literary intelligence"—the work of the conscious literary artist—has been expended is virtually worthless to the student interested in accurate observation. It is this fact which is no doubt responsible for Mr. Thompson's omission of the works of Mrs. Austin, and the Skunny Wundy and Rumbling Wings stories of Arthur C. Parker (note, however, that two of the latter's books dealing with tales reproduced as the Indians told them are included in the Bibliography.) As long as popular tales retain the form in which they are told by the folk, their varying forms can be studied by the comparative method with surprising results. The publications of the Folklore Fellows (Helsingfors, 1910—) are evidence of this. Alter the leopard's spots, the camel's hump, the peacock's feathers, and you have a different creature. Inject in a popular tale the flowers of rhetoric of Mrs. Austin or of any other literary artist, and it at once passes out of the control of the scientific investigator.

The cultural background of these tales should have been given, Mrs. Austin believes. That, of course, is the task of the ethnologist, of the historian of culture; and if the ethnologist or the historian of culture uses *his* creative literary intelligence instead of sticking to fact, he is dangerously close to being derelict in his duty.

Finally, I should like to call attention to one point, not noticed by Mrs. Austin, which seems to me quite as stirring as many a feat of legerdemain accomplished by means of creative literary intelligence. The tale given on page 264 begins, "Many thousands of years ago the Cheyenne inhabited a country in the far north, across a great body of water." On page 333 I find, "Professor Boas sees in the American Indian versions two different currents of transmission: 'an ancient one, coming from Siberia by way of Bering Strait, and a recent one, arising in Spain and passing into Latin America and gradually extending northward until the two meet in California.'"

Ethnologist, archæologist, geologist, folklorist, historian, all collaborating in the same cause to penetrate the misty veil of prehistory! Isn't there an appeal to the imagination here?

JOHN W. SPARGO.

Northwestern University.

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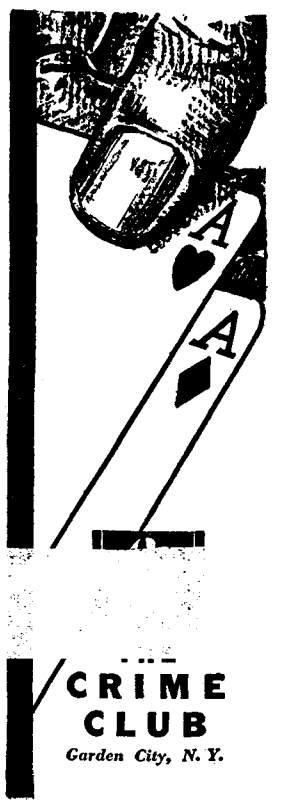

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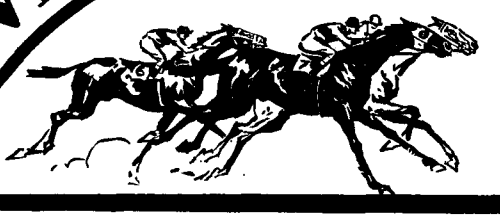

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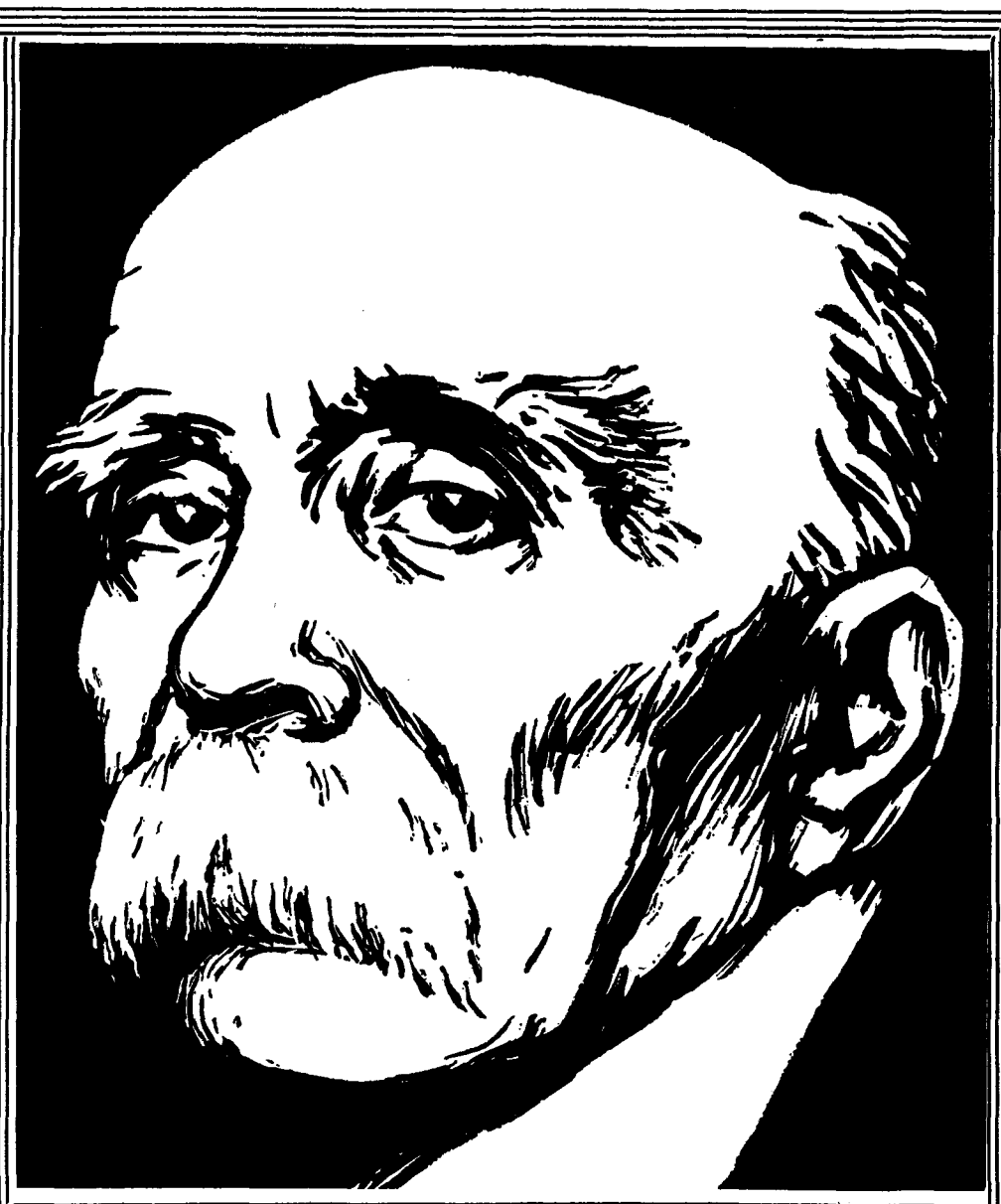

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Foch and Poincaré

"I have had far less trouble with the anarchists than with Poincaré and Foch."

Writing

"His sentences are too well turned, they are like too beautiful women—they don't excite you. You admire them, but without desire."

Kings

"Most of the time Kings think about exactly the same things as your tailor and your dentist. I've never known a King who had the soul of a King."

Moustache

Clemenceau chucked an elderly lady under the chin. "I'm jealous of you."

"Why?"

"You've a handsomer moustache than I."

Wilson

"I can remember poor Orlando at the Conference. . . He justified the seizure of Fiume because there were 100,000 Italians there . . . Wilson jumped up: 'There are two million Italians in New York! You are not going to demand New York, are you?' "

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